

THE RECORD OF SWIFT TRACK RUNNING!

FRANK MANLEY'S WEEKLY.

GOOD STORIES

OF YOUNG ATHLETES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1906 by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 24 Union Square, New York.

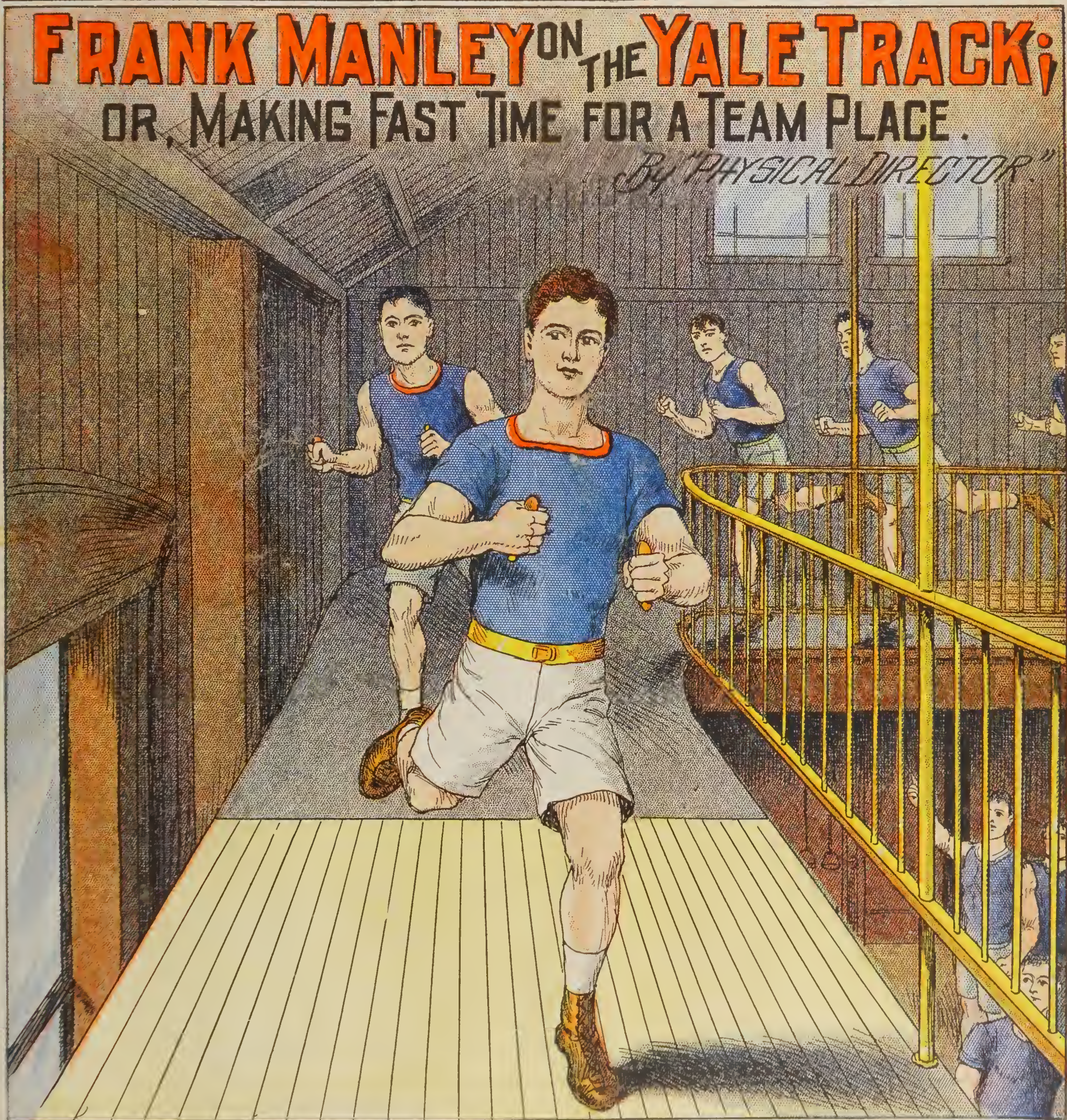
No. 30.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1906.

Price 5 Cents.

FRANK MANLEY ON THE YALE TRACK; OR, MAKING FAST TIME FOR A TEAM PLACE.

By "PHYSICAL DIRECTOR"



It was do or die! Manley, sorely pressed, shot to the head of one of the speediest freshman bunches Yale had ever known. "Can I keep this fearful pace for two minutes?" he groaned.

Frank Manley's Weekly

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CHAPTER I.

THE GAMBLERS' CLEAN-UP AT YALE.

"WHAT'S the use of our going into these things?"

"Why shouldn't we?"

"We're only freshmen!"

"Well, what of that?"

"Freshman performances don't count," argued Torrance, of the freshman class.

"Don't they, though?" retorted Frank Manley, with warmth. "Perhaps you feel that athletics, in general, count for nothing at Yale?"

"Oh, I don't say that," Torrance replied. "But why not wait at least until we are sophomores before we bother our heads about athletics?"

"Because," Frank answered, warmly, "it is while the man is in the freshman class that the trainers pick out the best new material and work it up. The man who shows himself clever in the freshman year is almost always the one who turns out well on the 'Varsity teams later on."

"Wonder what's keeping Estey?" broke in Joe Prescott. "He said he'd be here this evening."

"Boring, probably," Frank replied.

Estey was a battery candidate for the freshman baseball nine at Yale. He and Silliman comprised one of the batteries that had been well thought of, while Manley and his chum, Hal Spofford, made up another mighty promising freshman battery.

"I wish Estey would come," suggested Hal.

"Why, I'll run down to his room and see if he's really busy," said Frank.

He left behind the dozen or more freshman ball enthusiasts who had gathered in his room that evening to talk over freshman ball topics.

Estey's room was on a corridor on the floor below.

Frank ran nimbly down, tapping lightly on Estey's door.

He thought he heard a voice say, softly, "Come in," as if the owner of the voice were absorbed in study.

So Frank softly opened the door, stepping inside on tip-toe.

Estey was there, at his study-table, but he did not look up.

Thinking that his host would soon turn around, and not wishing to break in too rudely on the other's study, Manley stepped quietly up behind him.

Estey being the son of a rich father, the carpet was unusually thick and soft for Yale freshman quarters.

Manley's step did not make a sound.

And now, as Estey bent over his table, still absorbed, Frank stopped, not speaking.

But from where he stood he could not help seeing what the other was doing.

On the desk before Estey lay an ordinary bank check.

Having very keen eyesight, Frank saw at the first glance that the check bore the signature of the freshman's father, Philip Estey. Moreover, this check was for seventy-five dollars.

But close beside it lay another check, filled out for two thousand dollars, but not signed.

Estey's glance was on the signed check.

Looking away from it, he wrote on a sheet of paper a careful copy of the signature.

That same sheet contained at least a score of signatures, "Philip Estey."

As Frank looked, too startled to speak, Estey suddenly reached for the unsigned check, drew it before him and feverishly began to write an imitation of his father's signature.

"Estey!" gasped the horror-struck Manley.

With a yell of terror Estey turned and sprang to his feet.

"Manley?" he quivered. "You spy!"

"I did not mean to be a spy," Frank retorted, hotly. "I knocked and thought I heard your invitation to come in. I entered quietly, thought I saw you absorbed, and so waited until you were at liberty. Then, as I waited, I saw, accidentally, what you were doing."

"You spied on me!" cried the other freshman, his face ghastly white.

"Now, my dear fellow, use your reason," urged Manley. "Why on earth should I deliberately spy on you? I had no idea that you would——"

"What?" demanded the other freshman, defiantly, as he caught up the two checks.

"I don't like to say it," Frank protested.

"Do, please."

"Well, then, old fellow, from what I happened to see, it struck me that you had a genuine check for a small sum from your father, and that you had carefully forged your father's signature to a false check for two thousand dollars."

With a cry of rage and humiliation, Estey sank into the study chair, thrusting both checks into a pocket and covering his face with his hands.

"Manley," he groaned, "I'm ruined."

"You would be," replied Frank, "if you did such a fearful thing as cashed a forged check against your father's account."

"Oh, oh, oh!"

"Oh, come now," urged Frank. "Cheer up. You didn't really do the thing. You were tempted, but that was all. Come, hand me that forged check and I'll show you what to do with it, old fellow."

Estey looked at Manley for a moment, then slowly drew the two checks from his pocket, handing the forged one to his visitor.

"It's an easy thing to get over," smiled Frank, seriously, as he struck a match and set fire to the check, next dropping the burning paper into the grate. "There, now, that temptation is out of the way, old fellow. Now, suppose we burn that sheet on which there are so many copies of your father's signature?"

Estey did not reply, whereupon Manley gently took the sheet from the study table and consigned that, also, to the grate.

"You won't do such an awful thing again, will you?" Frank asked, gently.

"Manley, I simply don't know what to do. Unless I raise money some way I'm ruined past saving. My father will never forgive me."

"He ought not to, if you forged against his bank account," spoke Manley, grimly.

"But how am I to raise the money?"

"I'm sure I don't know anything about any part of the affair."

"I'd tell you all about it," hinted the other freshman, miserably, "if I thought you could help me any."

"Even if I can't," promised Frank, "I won't betray any confidence you see fit to show in me. Still, I don't want to pry into your affairs."

Estey was silent for two or three minutes, while Frank helped himself to a seat on the sofa.

"Manley," asked the other freshman, at last, "did you ever gamble?"

"Oho! So that's the trouble. No, I never did gamble."

"Then you can't realize the awful fix I'm in."

"Gambling debt, eh?" queried Frank.

"Yes; but worse than that. Manley, my father is a perfect fanatic against gambling."

"He has my entire sympathy in that," Manley nodded.

"But my father has made all sorts of threats as to what he'd do to me if ever I got twisted up in gambling."

"So you felt that it was up to you to see if he meant it?" quizzed Frank, drily. "I'm awfully sorry for you."

"I suppose I might as well tell you the whole thing," Estey went on, dolefully. "Did you ever hear of Harry Lacey—'Handsome Harry,' they call him?"

"No; I never did."

"No, I suppose not," Estey went on. "If you're not interested in gambling you wouldn't be likely to hear of Lacey. But he's one of the swellest gamblers in the country."

"I didn't suppose there could be anything very 'swell' about a gambler," Frank suggested, drily.

"Well, I mean that he plays with very rich people."

"Oh! His specialty is robbing swells, and that makes him a swell gambler, eh?"

"Yes."

"Is this fellow, Lacey, operating here in New Haven?"

"Yes. He has a swell private house down in Crown Street."

"How long has he been here?"

"All winter."

"And you've been playing there all that time?"

"No; only about a month."

"And you owe him two thousand dollars?"

"Not quite," Estey replied. "I'm nearly fifteen hundred in the hole to him."

"But that check was for two thousand dollars."

"I—I wanted the rest of the money to try my luck with further," stammered the other freshman.

"Now, has Lacey any proof of the money that you owe him?"

"Yes: my I. O. U. notes. These notes show that my debt is a gambling debt."

"What will happen to you if you don't settle up?"

"Oh, Manley, that's the terrible part of it! Lacey threatens to go to my father and try to collect."

"Would your father settle?"

"Manley, there isn't a doubt that my dad would pay—but it would be all up with me! He'd take me out of Yale, set me to hard work and set me adrift—cut me off without a cent. Oh, I know my dad's anger when it comes to a gambling debt!"

"Yet," asked the puzzled Frank, "you thought your father would be easier over a forged check?"

"But he never would have got that check, Manley. Don't you see, there would have been a few hundreds left. My luck is due to change. It would change at once. I'd win back my losses, and more, too, and I'd take that check up again before it had time to leave Lacey's hands. Oh, it all seemed easy until you stepped in and spoiled my plans."

"Estey, tell me the truth as near as you know it. How many other Yale men has Lacey placed in a bad hole?"

"At least thirty fellows that I know."

"And has he got most of them as badly in debt as he has you?"

"Just about, I guess."

"Whew!" gasped Frank. "What a harvest that swindler must expect to reap!"

"Do you think he's a swindler?" cried Estey, doubtfully.

"If he has a lot of Yale men in a deep hole, then I'm sure he's a cheat."

"If I could only get out of his clutches!" cried Estey, piteously.

"Well, if you want me to help," hinted Manley, "we can see what can be done."

"You? You'll help?"

"Help a Yale man out of a pickle? Of course I would, and will!" Frank replied, with emphasis.

And so Frank embarked on a new enterprise—took up another fellow's "dirty" affair that was likely to cost him dearly.

"What are you going to do?" Estey asked, anxiously.

"Wait and see!"

Almost in a twinkling Manley was back in the other freshman's room, to find Estey anxiously pacing the floor.

"Well," Frank announced, smilingly, "I'm ready."

"Ready for what?"

"For our walk."

"Our walk? Where?"

"Why, we'll take a run down and see this fellow, Lacey."

"You're going there?"

"Why not? With you."

"What do you expect to do?" Estey demanded, his face showing a troubled look.

"Why, I want to have a talk with Lacey, of course. You can get me into this gambling joint, can't you?"

"Yes; but what are you going to say to him?"

"Why, as to that," responded the young athlete, "I shall think it over and make up my talk as we go along."

"I'm almost afraid," protested Estey.

"The fellow who's afraid is never in good shape to fight," Manley declared, drily.

"Then you're going there to fight?"

"Well, at least to find out if there isn't some way of stopping Lacey from going to your father."

"I'm afraid we'll get into an awful scrape," chattered the other freshman.

"Why, this fellow, Lacey, won't eat us alive, will he?" laughed Frank.

"Just about. He's a dangerous fellow."

"No gambler can afford to be a very dangerous fellow," Frank retorted. "Gamblers operate in defiance of the law, and every now and then they find that they have to draw in their horns. I'm not afraid of this fellow, even if you are. Not being afraid of him, I think I can find a way to make him keep his hands off of you. Coming along?"

"Yes," Estey assented, fearfully. "But I wish I were well out of this."

"So do I," nodded Frank. "In another hour I guess we'll be through the worst of it. Come, hurry up!"

They walked down into Crown Street together.

Estey stopped in front of a rather imposing-looking brick building, then led the way up the steps.

With his finger on a push-button, he rang a signal.

The door in front of them was unlocked.

A colored man in evening clothes peered out at them, recognized Estey, and opened the door for them to enter.

It was a handsomely furnished house. Frank saw that much as soon as he entered.

A door opened into a parlor, in which a table was set out with a tempting-looking lunch.

At the back of the room was a sideboard, on which wine and other drinks were set out.

Two or three Yale men that our hero recognized were in this room, leaning back in easy chairs and smoking.

They looked up, staring curiously at Manley.

"Ask if we can see Lacey," Frank nudged his companion.

Estey put the request to the colored servant.

CHAPTER II.

A TIGER WITH A SOFT PURR.

"You wait a minute, while I run up and get my hat," suggested Frank.

"Will you step in there?" asked the darkey, indicating the lunchroom.

"We can just as well wait here in the hall," Frank replied.

The servant went off upstairs.

But presently a descending step was heard. Estey began to quake inwardly.

It was Lacey, the gambler, who was coming down the stairs.

He was a handsome man of thirty-five, faultlessly dressed in evening clothes.

Tall, rather slender, almost as dark as a Spaniard, and wearing a mustache, Lacey was certainly a handsome fellow.

Moreover, he looked very much the gentleman, although there was something slightly effeminate in his appearance.

This much Frank noted as the gambler came down the stairs.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Estey!" greeted the gambler. Then he paused, as if waiting to have Frank introduced.

"I—I've brought a friend who wants to talk with you," stammered Estey. "Mr. Manley, Mr. Lacey."

"Charmed at meeting you," purred the gambler, holding out a hand that Frank took with inward loathing.

"Shall we go into the supper-room?" proposed Lacey.

"If you don't mind," Frank replied, "I think we'd rather go somewhere where we can have a private chat with you."

"A very private chat?" asked Lacey, with a smile that showed his handsome, even teeth.

"Quite private," Frank nodded.

A slight frown passed over the gambler's face, as if he scented some trouble.

Yet the gambler turned, after a polite bow, and led them upstairs.

He conducted them to a small front room, in which there was a table surrounded by four chairs.

It was a room for poker-playing, but Manley was not familiar enough with cards to know that.

"Be seated, gentlemen," purred Lacey, in his smoothest tone.

The seats that he caused them to take were those nearest the front wall.

Lacey seated himself across the table, with his back to the closed door.

"Did you come to play?" asked the gambler, fixing his eyes on Manley.

"Not at cards."

"Ah! At roulette, then?"

"No," Frank answered, coolly. "The game that we have come to play to-night is the game of life."

Lacey raised his eyebrows as if seeking further information.

"There is no need to beat about the bush," Frank went on, steadily. "My friend, Estey, has interested me in his affair. He tells me that he owes you considerable money."

"I believe I do hold some of the gentleman's notes," Lacey purred, in his oily voice.

"For fifteen hundred dollars?"

"Something like that."

"That is what we have come to see you about," Frank went on.

"Ah, Mr. Estey has authorized you to arrange for the settlement of the slight obligation?" Lacey inquired.

"Not exactly. But Mr. Estey tells me that you intend going to his father with the notes."

"Mr. Estey appears to have taken you very fully into his confidence," said the gambler.

"He has."

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

"Mr. Lacey, I have come to ask for Estey your assurance that you will not think of taking the notes to his father."

"I am afraid, Mr. Manley, that I shall be obliged to do that very thing unless the notes are settled within forty-eight hours."

"Then all I have to add is an explanation of what I propose to do in case you take such a step," Manley went on, steadily.

"And what is that?"

Lacey's voice was as soft as ever, and there was not more than a suspicion of a flash in his dark, piercing eyes.

"Mr. Lacey, of course all three of us are aware that gambling is one of the most common and most evil curses of a college town like New Haven. The faculty of Yale University do all in their power to close up the gambling resorts that are frequented by students. The police help the faculty to suppress gambling resorts, as the police are bound to do. Now, I trust you will understand that I do not like to appear to make threats."

"Well?" asked Lacey.

"If you insist on getting Mr. Estey into trouble with his father on account of his debt, then I shall feel obliged to call the attention of the faculty to this place and to yourself. I suppose that would mean that you would be driven out of New Haven. Do you care to have that happen?"

"It wouldn't happen—I assure you that it wouldn't," Lacey replied, tranquilly.

"Then you are willing to take the chances?" asked Frank.

"There won't be any chances," smiled the gambler.

"You mean that you will not press this matter against my friend?"

"I mean, Mr. Manley, that you won't go to the faculty with any stories about myself or my business."

"I most certainly shall crowd you if you crowd my friend," Frank retorted. "It was to say that that I came here."

"You will do nothing of the sort," Lacey replied, coolly, almost pleasantly. "Are you familiar enough with my type of man, Mr. Manley, to understand that your life would be the price of any interference you made in my affairs?"

There was no note of anger in the gambler's voice, though his eyes flashed with just a trifle more menace in them.

"My life the price?" demanded Frank, bluntly. "Really?"

"You don't understand me, and you don't realize the nature of this place," Lacey went on, calmly. "You don't even realize at the present moment that your leaving this house alive depends wholly upon my pleasure."

"Rot! Why, the house must be full of Yale men."

"It is," Lacey replied, calmly. "And not one of them would dare to have it known that he is here. Whatever I choose to do here, not one of them would dare to interfere. Not one of them would dare to utter a word of what happened here. Now, then!"

Handsome Harry Lacey suddenly rested both hands on the table.

In either hand was a large revolver.

The muzzle of one pointed directly at Manley's breast, the other weapon covering Estey.

CHAPTER III.

THE GAME OF DEATH, PLAYED BY A MASTER.

ESTEY changed color slightly, but Manley was unruffled.

"Put those things up, Mr. Lacey," our hero advised, contemptuously. "I'm from the country, but I'm not simple enough to believe that you would dare to shoot here in the heart of New Haven."

"And why not?" smiled the gambler. "I could kill you both before you have time to stir."

"And then face a charge of double murder!"

"No. I could toss the guns on the table, throw down a pack or two of cards and a handful of chips—and two Yale students have killed each other in a quarrel over a game of poker!"

"And then have the police find a gambling place here?"

"Not necessarily. The shots might not be heard outside the house. If not, then the Yale men now under this roof might feel forced to keep quiet about the sad duel that took place in this room between two card-mad freshmen!"

Lacey laughed softly as he replaced the revolvers in either hip pocket.

"Mr. Manley, I have listened to threats for years. Surely, you did not expect that I would be frightened by a mere boy like—pardon me—like yourself."

The gambler leaned back, surveying our hero with an amused smile.

"I have heard," Frank went on, coolly, "that a certain art known as 'bluffing' is a large part of the stock in trade of every gambler. Whether you have been bluffing me I do not know enough of gamblers to be able to say."

"But this is what I have to say to you, Mr. Lacey. I do not share your belief that Yale men—even those who are weak enough to gamble—are such cowards that they would keep silent and cover up a crime in order to keep their own shortcomings secret."

"Nor do I believe that you would dare to hinder our going from this house."

Frank coolly rose from his chair and took a step toward the door.

"Sit down!" ordered Lacey, rather sharply.

"Shut up, you dog!" came plumply through Manley's lips, though his tone was not rough.

Lacey, who had leaned forward, sat back again, the amused smile reappearing on his lips.

"When I get ready to leave this house," pursued Frank, "I shall do so. If you attempt to block me, Estey is in honor bound to jump to my aid, as I came here on his business. At the same time I shall raise a Yale yell that will bring a crowd of my fellow-students here."

"I shall leave the house when I am ready. If Mr. Estey hasn't all of his notes to you in his pocket when we leave, then I pledge myself to report your establishment to the faculty, and I believe you will have to leave New Haven in short order."

"Now, Mr. Lacey, no gambler's bluffs will serve you. I shall leave the house in ten minutes. It is wholly up to you to decide whether Mr. Estey carries his notes with him. When I say ten minutes I do not mean eleven. Time counts from now!"

Frank drew out his watch, holding it in a steady left hand.

"So you would like to help this young man jump his gambling debts, would you?" asked Lacey, from whose face the smile had not faded.

"I don't make that any of my business," Frank snapped back. "If I were fool enough to contract gambling debts, I would pay them off as quickly as I could. I don't care a hang whether Estey takes that same view or not. But you must give up the notes, in order that he may be sure that you do not take them to his father. One minute of your ten gone, Mr. Lacey!"

Still the gambler sat opposite them, smiling as amusedly as ever.

Frank waited a little longer before he added:

"When the ten minutes are up, Mr. Lacey, I shall leave here at once. It would do you no good, then, to say that you would go after the notes. It would be too late. Two minutes gone!"

The gambler did not stir.

But when Frank called "Four minutes," Lacey again brought out his revolvers, looking at them intently.

Frank, however, acted as if he did not see the weapons.

"Five minutes! Time half gone, Mr. Lacey!"

Back went the revolvers to the hip-pockets. Slowly, Lacey got up, and, still with the smile on his face, he left the room, pulling the door shut after him.

Frank seated himself with one leg over the table.

Estey sat as if spellbound, his face white with the mental anguish that he was suffering.

"Eight minutes," muttered Frank, finally.

"Oh, he won't come back," trembled the other freshman.

"We shall see."

"And if he doesn't?"

"Then we leave."

"And you'll really denounce the place and have it pulled?"

"Assuredly."

"You'll disgrace a lot of Yale fellows if you do."

"No; they'll disgrace themselves by being here."

"Lacey is probably off in some room, coolly watching the game."

"His biggest game to-night would bear watching in this room," Frank smiled. "Nine minutes are gone."

Estey rose, pacing the floor nervously.

"Only thirty seconds left," Frank announced, steadily.

The door swung abruptly inward and Lacey entered.

In his right hand were several slips of paper.

"You wanted these, I believe, Mr. Estey," said the gambler, quietly.

With a gasp, the freshman pounced eagerly upon the papers, looking them over feverishly.

"Your I. O. U. notes, old man?" Frank asked, composedly.

"Yes, yes!"

"All of them?"

"I think so."

"Count them, to make sure."

"Yes; I'm sure they're all here."

Frank turned to the gambler.

"Mr. Lacey, you will accept our thanks, of course, for your promptness."

The gambler bowed, mockingly.

"We'll leave now," proposed Frank, quietly.

With another bow, the gambler turned and led the way downstairs.

Opposite the door of the supper-room he halted.

"Gentlemen, you'll take some refreshment won't you?" he urged.

"No, thank you," Frank answered.

"At least a glass of wine."

"Nothing, thank you."

"Then——"

"We'll wish you good-night," Frank continued, adding, in a lower tone:

"Thank you for obliging us. Good-night."

Lacey smiled coolly as he signed to the colored man to unlock the street door.

"Thank you, Mr. Lacey," Frank repeated.

"Thank me for nothing," the gambler replied, in a voice not in the least ruffled. "I have obliged you to-night, Manley—but wait with the assurance that you must pay a reckoning that will stagger you!"

CHAPTER IV.

THE SPEED THAT WEARS ON THE HEART.

"GOING to try for the team, Spofford?"

"It wouldn't be much use," replied Frank's chum, quietly.

"But you're pretty swift," urged Mack, Yale's famous trainer.

"Not swift enough," smiled Hal. "In any race that Manley's beaten, I'm beaten, too."

"But he might lose by a fluke," urged Mr. Mack.

"Then if I won, it would be a win by a fluke. That wouldn't suit me," Hal Spofford declared, firmly.

"Better try the sprinting."

"No; I think not, thank you, sir," Hal replied, slowly.

"I think it would be better for me to save all my energy for the freshman baseball nine, if I'm lucky enough to make it."

"Good for you," nodded Lush, Yale's baseball coach.

A dozen or more freshmen, in jerseys, "flappers" and soft shoes, were jogging around the gallery track in the gym.

A little group of others stood at one corner of the track, near the head of one of the winding flights of iron steps that led up to the gallery.

With this latter group were three or four of Yale's noted trainers and coaches.

It was just before the noon hour, on a day when this time of the forenoon had been set apart by tacit understanding for the freshmen runners.

At the end of the week races were to be pulled off on this track that would decide the composition of the Yale freshman track team for the season.

Terrell, who had been looked upon as the best short-distance freshman up to the time when Frank Manley had appeared on the track, was still in the running.

Terrell was an uncertain chap. At times he showed up amazingly well; at other times he ran so badly that on-lookers wondered why he kept in the contest against an even, always-good runner like Manley.

And there was another runner whom many regarded as being at least Manley's equal.

That one was Tod Owen, Frank's friend.

Tod was determined to try for the freshman team.

Joe Prescott had not yet made up his mind. He wanted to be on the freshman track team, but he did not care to be merely one of the "also rans."

"Manley's late this morning," remarked Mr. Mack, glancing at his watch.

"He has gone over to a Prep school to get a little friend of ours," Hal replied. "A little fellow named Jack Winston—Jackets, we call him. He, by the way, could make some of the freshmen here look tired on the track. Why, there he is now, with Frank."

The eyes of the group were turned toward the gym floor, which Manley was crossing at this moment.

Frank was in running costume, but Jackets, of course, wore street clothes.

"That little fellow a good runner!" cried Mack.

"Well, you called me a good runner," smiled Hal.

"So you are."

"Well, Jackets can keep at my side, either in a sprint or a distance run. On a long jog no one ever found out how far Winston could go."

"Why not?"

"Because," Hal laughed, "no one ever had the wind to tire him out on a distance run."

"Spofford isn't stringing you, sir," Joe broke in, eagerly. "Winston is really a little wonder on the track."

"He doesn't look to be much over thirteen," observed Mack.

"About fourteen."

"Who trained him?"

"Manley, who taught the little fellow everything he knows about athletics."

Frank and Jackets were now with the little group. Frank gravely presented his little friend to the trainers.

"I hear wonderful things about you, Winston," smiled Mack.

"My friends always tell fairy tales about me," grinned Jackets. "It's one of their favorite amusements."

Frank laughed.

Tod, who had been among the joggers on the track, now stopped, joining the group.

"Clear the track!" called some one. "Terrell wants it."

One after another the joggers stopped as they reached the group.

At the first mention of the name of Terrell, Jackets cocked up his ears. He had heard about Frank's most promising rival, and wanted to see what the man could really do.

"That's Terrell, in the red trunks," whispered Frank, nodding toward a jogger who had now slowed to a walk.

"He looks too lazy to run," was Jackets' slow comment.

"Oh, sometimes he's a wonder," spoke Frank, seriously.

"And at other times I suppose it's a wonder what he is!" grinned Winston.

There was a laugh in an instant, and Terrell, coming in, had to be told the joke.

"I'll owe you one for that, Winston," laughed Terrell.

"What is it to be to-day?" demanded Mack, rather severely. "A 'wonder' or a 'what'?"

There was another laugh, but Terrell, not minding in the least, got ready for his start.

He was off at the word, and Jackets was quickly all attention.

"Whee!" muttered Winston. "He's no mistake—that chap!"

Terrell was, in fact, running at his very best.

Yet, at Terrell's own request, no time was being kept on him.

He finished the lap with a burst of speed that brought out a rousing round of applause.

"What do you think now?" Frank whispered.

"You've got a fellow who'll give you a big tussle if he runs that way Saturday."

Jackets spoke with the air of an expert judge, as, indeed, the little fellow was.

"Want to show up, Manley?" smiled Mack.

"What? Without even a walk around the track?" quizzed Frank. "Not after such a dash as that by Terrell."

"Oh, that was a good bit better than I can usually do," Terrell declared, with good nature and modesty.

"I'll wait until I've had a little jog, too," Frank declared.

"Owen, then?" asked Mack.

"Always ready when called," smiled Tod. "Not that I think I can do much to-day."

At the order to get on his marks Tod expelled the last bit of air that he could from his lungs.

At "Get set!" he gulped in until his lungs were filled with all the air they would hold.

"Go!"

Tod was off as he partly straightened, his lungs full of air making almost a human balloon of him and aiding in his great burst of speed.

It was a handsome start—one that brought a subdued little cheer from those who saw the start.

As far as he could Tod traveled on that first load of air.

Then, strongly filling his lungs again, he seemed to go on at even better speed.

"Oh, I wish we had the time on him!" cried Hal.

"He's beating my little stunt," said Terrell, good-naturedly.

But Trainer Mack did not offer an opinion as to that.

Certain it was that Tod was running in splendid form this day.

But he came in fairly short of wind, though with a brilliant finish.

"This is a good deal swifter track than we had at Woodstock," declared Jackets, sizing up the rubber-padded gallery with a critical eye.

"I wish we could see you run here, Winston," suggested Mack.

"All you've got to do, then, is to tell the young man to get out on the track," laughed Frank. "He never refuses."

"Would you be willing to run for us?" asked Mr. Mack. Would he? Run on the Yale track?

Jackets' eyes fairly glowed at the idea.

"Take him below to the locker-rooms, Spofford, and see if you can fit him out," advised Mack.

Hal and Jackets were gone in a twinkling.

Several of the fellows now went out on the track to jog once more, and Manley joined them.

Within ten minutes Jackets, in jersey, flappers and soft shoes, was back on the track.

Though nearly a score of freshmen were staring at him, and upper classmen were now climbing the stairs for a look at the little fellow, Jackets seemed to feel thoroughly at home.

Without waiting for the word, he started off on a loping jog around the track.

Mack and the other trainers watched him with interest.

They saw in an instant that Jackets as a runner was "very much to the good."

He ran slowly, but without any waste of energy. His gait and stride were those of the real runner.

He kept his arms somewhat in motion, but did not seem,

as many runners do, to be trying to run with the aid of his arms.

Four laps the little fellow made, neither slowing nor speeding his gait. Then he came to a halt near Mack.

"Get your wind, and then try a sprint, if you will," directed Mr. Mack.

"My wind?" repeated Jackets. "I've got it all right!"

"Ready to start?"

"Ready!"

"On your marks, then!"

There were no marks such as are used on the outdoor track, but Jackets got down as if there were.

"Get set!"

Jackets prepared himself for the spring, at the same time puffing out his chest with the wind that was in his lungs.

"Go!"

Right then and there Jackets treated Yale to a sight of such running by a small boy as had never been seen there before.

He was off like a streak.

"He can't keep that up!" muttered some one.

"Yes, he can," Frank contradicted.

"Whee!"

Jackets was already at the far end of the gallery.

The cheers that went up from the onlookers caused a jam on the iron stairs. Other students were flocking up from the main floor of the gym.

Jackets finished the lap in what seemed to be as good time as either Terrell or Tod had made.

Mack was pressing the little fellow's hand warmly.

"Young man, you ought to be a record-destroyer in three years more," cried the great trainer. "I hope you are headed for Yale?"

"I am," said Jackets, soberly.

There were expressions of regret from the upper classmen who had failed to reach the gallery in time to see Jackets' splendid work.

"Would you feel like another lap, bye-and-bye?" asked Mack.

"Now, if it's all the same," glowed Winston.

He did another lap, as good as the first.

"Manley, aren't you ready?" called some one.

"Oh, yes," Frank nodded. "But I hate to run, after Winston."

"Rats!" muttered Jackets, under his breath. "It isn't right to string me like that before the crowd."

Manley, too, wanted to run, this time, without the watch being held on him.

It was so close to the track time trial races that he did not want Terrell or the others to know his best time.

Frank's lap was such a fast one that it brought unrestrained cheers from those who beheld it.

Every one present believed that it beat Terrell's best work.

But Frank alone knew what that terrific speed cost him.

It had been the utmost speed of which he was capable, and now, as he stopped, his heart was thumping so hard

that those around him could almost hear the racket in his chest.

Not that it mattered much, though. The trained athlete has a heart tough enough to stand an intense strain for a short time.

A little jogging after that, and Frank went down to the locker-room to dress.

There he found Estey awaiting him—Estey with eyes that were big with the news that he brought.

CHAPTER V.

GAMBLER LACEY "MAKES GOOD."

"HEARD about Lacey?" demanded Estey.

"Not a word since we saw him Monday night," Frank replied.

"Well, last night—that was Tuesday—Bridges, of the sophomore class, swallowed poison at his rooms."

"At Lacey's?"

"No; in Bridges' own rooms. His roommate found him in time and got the doctors in."

"Bridges pull through?"

"Oh, yes; but when he thought he was going to die he confessed that he had been playing at Lacey's and had lost so heavily that he was ruined."

"That fellow, Lacey, ought to be driven out of town," muttered Frank. "He's running a regular brace game—not a doubt of it—and cleaning Yale students out in wholesale lots. He's a swindler who has no business in the town."

"Did you say that to the police?" asked Estey, eagerly.

"I? Not I," Frank replied, quickly. "I'm no reformer, and I'm no spotter for faculty or police."

"I'm glad to hear you say that," Estey went on, hurriedly. "Then the yarn about Bridges must have reached Fac."

"Why?"

"Late last night the police swooped down on Lacey's, Lord, but they made a clean sweep of the place!"

"Catch any Yale men?"

"If they did, they let 'em go. But they cleaned Lacey's house from top to bottom—took even the carpets and lace curtains."

"Good enough!" grunted Frank.

"I thought perhaps you had given information."

"No; I give you my word I didn't."

"Then it was the Bridges business that put the police wise. Anyway, Lacey won't rob any more of us fellows."

"He wouldn't have robbed 'em in the first place if they hadn't been fools enough to play," Frank retorted, bluntly.

Frank was now ready to step out to the shower-bath and swimming-pool, so Estey wandered away.

Half an hour later Frank, Hal, Tod and Joe had Jack-

its good-bye and then sauntered around to the rooms before going to lunch.

Outside the main entrance to Pierson Hall stood a policeman.

"Manley?" asked the officer, stepping forward.

"That's my name," Frank admitted.

"Want a word with you in private," explained the policeman, pulling Frank to one side. "Manley, the captain sent me up to find you and give you a message. That fellow, Lacey, that was raided, blames his trouble all on you, it seems. One of his men has turned stool-pigeon for us, and he says that Lacey has declared that he will kill you on sight—the first chance he gets."

"Lacey says so?" Frank inquired, without changing color.

"Yes."

"Then he means it. He's that sort of a fellow," Frank replied, drily.

"If you want any kind of protection from the police——" went on the officer.

"Protection?" repeated Manley. "You couldn't give me any, except to have an officer walk around with me. I don't want to have a policeman at my side everywhere, thank you."

"Neither do we want you getting plugged full of lead," urged the policeman.

"I don't like the idea myself," Frank smiled, coolly.

"If you want a permit to carry a pistol——"

"I don't," Frank broke in, with emphasis. "Never carried one yet, and I'm not going to begin."

"Anyway," said the officer, "I've brought the message I was told to. If there's any trouble, and we can help you, let us know. The captain doesn't propose to have any shooting going on in New Haven."

"There will be, and plenty of it, unless you manage to get hold of Lacey and drive him out of New Haven," Frank retorted. "Anyway, if you did drive him out, he'd come back. If he has made up his mind to shoot me, he won't be stopped until he does it or is juggled."

"You don't seem very scared," remarked the officer, curiously.

"Neither am I very hugely delighted," Frank muttered.

"You're sure Lacey means business?"

"If he doesn't, then I'm mistaken in the fellow."

"Well, you'll let us know anything you want?"

"I will, thank you, officer, and thank your captain for me, please."

Manley's three friends had walked on into Pierson, but Frank caught up with them on the stairs.

"You weren't arrested, then?" Joe laughed.

"Not yet," Frank smiled.

He did not tell them of the message that had been brought to him.

He felt that it would be of no use, and that the news would only alarm his friends.

But Frank himself was not wholly cheerful as he sat that noon at lunch.

Not that he seemed gloomy, though. He appeared to be in the best of spirits.

Manley had faced death often, and when one has done that he learns not to let his fears rule him.

"After all," he muttered, as he was finishing his lunch, "it depends on how good a shot Lacey is. If he misses, and I get a strangle-hold on him, I won't leave him wind enough for a second attempt. But I imagine that a chap as cool as that gambler is, and who makes a business of carrying weapons, knows just how to use 'em."

There was an hour's study after lunch, and then Frank remembered a book that one of the professors that morning had advised him to get.

"I'm going out to a book-store," he said to Hal.

"Coming right back?" Spofford wanted to know.

"Yes; as soon as I get the book."

"Then I won't go with you, old fellow. I'm trying to pound this Greek grammar into my head."

As Frank walked briskly down Chapel Street his mind dwelt a good deal on the threat made by Lacey.

Naturally, our hero kept a sharp lookout for the gambler.

But he was not visible anywhere on that principal thoroughfare, and Frank dropped in at the book-store.

He made his wants known to the proprietor, who started for the back of the store.

Frank, while waiting, bent over a pile of books on one of the counters.

As he did so he became aware of a shadow over the books.

Glancing up quickly, Frank gasped.

There in the doorway, blocking it, stood Gambler Lacey.

The fellow was looking straight at Frank, his eyes full of evil joy.

Then, like a flash, Lacey allowed a revolver to drop from his sleeve into his hand.

He raised the hand like a flash, seeming hardly to take time for aim.

"I've got you, Manley!" he snarled, and opened fire.

CHAPTER VI.

"HADES BREAKS LOOSE."

THEN the little book-store seemed like a section of the infernal regions.

It was as if Hades had broken loose.

Bang!

Just a twinkling before the sound of the first shot Frank had gotten into action.

With a frantic vault he jumped over the book-laden counter.

The bullet went wide of its mark.

Panic reigned among the other customers and the clerks in the place.

"Here, stop that!" roared the proprietor, helplessly.

Bang! A bullet whizzed over the counter just as Manley's head disappeared below.

Frank, in his flight, had carried eight or ten books with him.

He raised his head to peer over.

Bang! A bullet, sent a trifle low, had imbedded itself in the books on the counter.

Then Lacey, utterly cool, stopped firing and strode over to the counter.

Biff!

The instant that Frank caught sight of the white, set face of the gambler he let drive with one of the books.

That missile caught the gambler full in the face.

"Stand up like a man!" gritted Lacey.

"For you to shoot at?" demanded Manley, ironically.

Again Lacey tried to lean over the counter.

Biff! Another flying book registered on his face.

Biff! Before he had gotten quite out of range of the crouching Manley the fellow got a heavy volume squarely on the nose.

And now the blood began to flow—from that nose.

Raging, yet cool, the gambler retreated two or three steps.

Women were screaming, and one had fainted. White-faced clerks were wishing it was safe to rush to the door, or that they dared to run to the telephone.

There was a moment's let-up in the firing.

Frank, still behind the counter, knew better than to show himself.

Lacey's aim was too infernally close for any taking of chances.

With his nose all but broken, and the blood flowing from that injured organ, the gambler did not care to put himself needlessly within range of Manley's missiles again.

The gambler's searching gaze took in the whole nature of Frank's bulwark of defense.

Below the heaps of books were the wooden panels of the counter, that ran down to the floor.

Like a flash another revolver appeared in the gambler's left hand.

Bang! bang!

Lacey was firing fast, now, with both guns.

Rip! rip!

The panels splintered under the impact with the hot bullets.

Lacey fired all along the length of the panel, hoping to "get" the freshman at one point or another.

Truth to tell, too, he came very near succeeding in his purpose.

So close did he shoot to Frank, through the panels, that the young freshman's clothes were full of splinters.

Frank thought of lying flat on the floor; but that would leave him exposed, and unable to hurl books, in case the gambler should suddenly come close and lean over the counter.

Bang! bang! Rip! rip! splinter!

"Murder! police!"

That last, frenzied shriek came from one of the frightened women huddled at the rear of the store.

With but one shot left in either pistol, Lacey paused to glance toward the door.

Through one of the windows he saw a policeman coming up on the run, urged on by a crowd that had gathered at what it believed to be a safe distance.

It was time to run—Lacey realized that.

Turning, he sped for the door.

But Frank, hearing the retreating step, rose like a flash. Swirl!

He hurled the heaviest volume he had.

It caught the gambler full on the back of the head.

It came near doing more, for Lacey staggered forward and nearly fell, but recovered his balance.

"Here, there! Get your hands up!" roared the policeman, halting as he caught sight of the white-faced gambler with a revolver in either hand.

Lacey's answer was to raise but one of his hands—that the right one, with a still smoking revolver in it.

Bang! whizz-zz!

So close to the policeman's ear did that bullet sing that the officer was justified in ducking.

As he did so, the policeman went down to his knees.

Wheeling, Lacey was off like a flash.

Out of the store darted Frank, a book in either hand.

He was just in time to see the gambler vanishing around the nearest corner.

Panting, Frank reached that corner.

But Lacey had disappeared altogether.

The sight of an angry man running with a revolver in either hand had caused such a scattering among the passers-by that not one could explain to Frank or the policeman where the fugitive had gone.

A second policeman appeared, and a search was made, though to no purpose.

And now Frank, realizing that he held two books that did not belong to him, hastened back to the store.

"I must apologize to you, sir, for handling your stock so recklessly," Frank began, to the proprietor.

"Oh, I hope you won't think of that again," came the quick reply from the white, scared owner of the shop. "Under the circumstances I assure you that I don't blame you for making free with my books."

"I'll pay for the damage," suggested Frank.

"Please don't think of that, either. I am quite certain that you didn't choose my place purposely for the meeting that just took place here."

"You're guessing right," Frank said, coolly, as he drew out his pocketbook. "But I must insist on paying for the damage."

The proprietor still demurred, but Frank insisted, and carried the day.

Yet he could not help feeling that, in estimating the damage done to books and panels, the proprietor was letting him off very easily.

And now one of the policemen came hurrying back to get our hero's version of the affair.

At mention of the name of Lacey the officer understood.

Within ten minutes word had been telephoned all over the city to arrest on sight a man answering to the description of the gambler.

But in less than ten minutes Manley had had another startling proof of his enemy's hatred.

Before a display window of a photograph gallery on upper Chapel Street stood a man gazing at the pictures.

As he stood there he swung a cane lightly.

He appeared to have eyes for nothing but the photographs.

Frank hardly gave the man a thought as he approached.

Yet, when our hero was just opposite, the man turned like a flash, the cane now held in both hands.

Wench! The lower part of the cane came away from the handle, baring a glistening sword-cane.

Unprepared, Manley had barely time to dodge the wicked lunge of the blade that was made at his body.

Just saving himself, Frank did not turn to sprint away, as he might have done.

Instead, he crouched, eyeing his assailant.

"I think I'll turn you over to the police," gritted Manley.

"And yourself to the undertaker!" sneered the fellow.

Frank remembered to have seen this scoundrel in Lacey's place.

"You haven't touched me yet," taunted Frank.

"Yes, I have!"

The rascal made a drive with his blade that he felt sure would lay Frank's abdomen open.

But once more the freshman just barely dodged, and, at the same time, darted in close on the assailant.

Crunch! Frank stamped one of his feet with fearful force on the toes of one of the fellow's feet.

"Ouch!"

Yet, though badly hurt, the fellow was not compelled to give up the fight.

He held the sword-cane so dangerously that Frank could not leap in and grapple with him.

All this had happened in a few seconds.

Now pedestrians were gathering and watching—at a safe distance—no one venturing to rush up and help our hero.

But at once a cry went up, lustily:

"Police! police!"

Still Frank and his enemy crouched, each watching the other intently.

Then a student, attracted by the call for police, saw and understood.

"Yale!" he yelled. "Yale! here!"

Up and down Chapel Street the cry echoed and re-echoed.

"Yale! Yale!"

There was a rush of feet, and a score of excited students were on hand.

"Rush the beggar!"

"Lynch him!"

"Beat him up!"

"Tear him to pieces!"

Too late Frank's assailant realized his peril.

Snarling, the fellow backed in against a wall, shaking now with terror, yet lunging desperately at the students who ventured too near.

"Hold on!" shouted one student. "Don't get too near. I've got a scheme. Hold the rat there, some of you. The rest come with me!"

Five Yale men, Frank among the number, surrounded the fellow with the sword-cane, keeping him at bay against the wall, while other students dashed up the street.

Close to the curb lay a heavy pole, placed there by the telephone company for planting.

"Up with it!" sang out the leader.

Up to their shoulders they raised the pole, battering-ram fashion.

Down the street these eager students rushed, bearing the heavy pole on their shoulders.

Not less than seven feet of the heaviest end of the pole extended beyond the shoulders of the foremost Yale man.

"Yale! Rah, rah, rah! Yale! Rah, rah, rah!"

The poor, frightened villain, pinned there against the wall, saw them coming, and may have guessed their purpose.

Down the students came charging, slowing their speed a little as they got close.

They halted, with the heavy end of the telephone pole barely six inches from the rascal's face.

"Don't drop that sword!" begged the ringleader. "Don't! That will give us the excuse we want for mashing in your face! Oh!"

"Yale! Rah, rah, rah!"

It was impossible for the frightened wretch to reach the foremost bearer of the pole.

Equally impossible it was for him to dodge to either side, out of the way of the battering-ram.

If he did so he was certain to fall into the hands of Manley and the other vigilant ones who lay for him on either side.

Clang! The sword-cane clattered to the sidewalk.

"Get him!"

There was no need for the order. Half a dozen Yale men jumped on Frank's recent assailant.

Down went the heavy pole in the gutter as the excited students thronged about.

"Don't use any unnecessary force!"

"Don't hurt him!"

"Oh, no! Don't hurt him!"

The attempt to use cold steel always drives a mob frantic.

This wretch had tried to stab Manley. Had he used a pistol, it is possible that he would not have fared so badly. But cold steel——!

Biff! swat! thump! rip!

As many as could get near enough jumped in on the scoundrel, striking, cuffing, punching, kicking.

In a twinkling they had torn the fellow's clothing until he was almost naked.

"Give him more!"

"For heaven's sake, don't kill me!" shrieked the wretch.

"Oh, no, don't kill him!"

"Leave something to fry!"

The miscreant's cries filled the air.

Those in the crowd who had witnessed the attempt to stab Manley cheered the students on.

"Here, stop that!" bellowed a policeman, forcing his way through the excited crowd of students.

He forced his way to the wretch, who clung to the officer for his life.

But when the policeman heard the charge, he held the fellow, by the collar, at arm's length.

"Boys, why didn't ye leave something for me to do?" demanded the officer, in disgust.

With a satisfied throng of students following, the policeman led his prisoner off to the station-house.

Frank Manley had plenty of food for thought.

Lacey had been surrounded by a desperate crew.

It now looked as if the gambler had turned that whole crew loose on Frank Manley.

CHAPTER VII.

THE HAND THAT STRIKES IN THE DARK.

"THAT's the list," growled Joe.

"Not a long one," muttered Hal, almost hopefully.

"Still too long by three names," muttered Tod.

"Oh, well," broke in Frank, "the police——"

"The police!" flared Joe. "What do the police ever do anywhere in a matter like this? Give a policeman some one in front of him that he can fight with and it's all right. But in the dark, against a fellow the policeman can't see!"

"That's right," nodded Tod.

"But they know all of these parties," interposed Frank. "They've had 'em all in custody, and now the same policemen who made the arrests are scouring New Haven to find the rascals again."

"Well, I'll think there's something in it," grumbled Joe, "when they show me the prisoners."

Thursday evening had come around.

Driven to the realization that the fight between Frank and the Lacey gang was and must be one to the finish, Manley's three friends had jumped into the campaign.

The fellow with the sword-cane, when taken to the police station, had been identified as one of Lacey's crew, a Frenchman by the name of Lascelles.

The men arrested in the raid on Lacey's place, besides this Frenchman, were three in number.

There was Tony Goll, the negro who attended the door, and who acted as "bouncer" when one was necessary.

Another was Jack Raff.

He, in the picturesque slang of the West, was a "tin-horn gambler"—that is to say, a dishonest player in small games.

But he was a dangerous man, none the less—a fellow who was believed to have slain several men west of the Mississippi.

Last of all, there was Pedro Ramirez, known as "the Spaniard," though he was supposed to be a Mexican.

These men had all been attaches in Lacey's gambling house on Crown Street.

All were gamblers of experience, and all were "bad" men.

They had been arrested when the raid took place, but all, with Lacey himself, had been bailed out by that gambler.

Since their liberation all had disappeared.

Lacey had shown up at the shooting and had escaped. He was now believed to be out of New Haven.

Lascelles had failed in his sword-cane attack, and was now in jail, with bail set at a high figure.

But Raff, Goll and Ramirez were still at large.

From their bad reputations, and their business attachment to Lacey, who was their chief, it was believed that these three men at large would cheerfully take up their employer's quarrel.

Hence, they were being zealously sought for by the New Haven police.

"If anybody runs 'em in, it will be ourselves," grumbled Joe.

"I'd like to make a suggestion," put in Hal, hesitatingly.

"What is it?" Frank asked.

"Don't go out alone."

"What?" Frank almost exploded.

"I knew you'd look at it just like that," returned Hal, plaintively.

"Not go out alone?"

"Oh, I don't mean around the college grounds, of course," Spofford made haste to say. "There are always plenty of fellows within hail around here, and Yale fellows will fight at the drop of a handkerchief. But out around the town——"

"I ought to have a bodyguard?" smiled Frank.

"We fellows could be with you."

"Oh!"

"Or near you," Hal urged.

"Now, what good could you do?"

Frank put the question bluntly.

"Why," pleaded Hal, "we——"

"Suppose Lacey came out of a doorway, or stepped around a corner, and blazed away at me. What could you do?"

"We could jump on him."

"Three shots could be fired in three seconds. Lacey is a good shot, and at close quarters probably the first bullet would settle me. How would your being near save me?"

Hal looked puzzled.

"But Lacey is supposed to be out of town," urged Hal.

"For the sake of argument, say he is, then," nodded Frank. "Suppose Ramirez, the Spaniard, is laying for me? A Spaniard won't strike when he has to take chances. If it wasn't a sure thing, he'd let me go until another time."

"But if it were Raff?" interjected Tod Owen.

"He's a quick, straight shot, like Lacey. Before you fellows could jump in he'd have the work done with two or three bullets."

"Well, then, what of Goll?" asked Joe.

Frank hesitated.

"I don't know how the negro would fight," he admitted, at last. "I believe I'm less likely to meet him than I am the Westerner or the Spaniard, either one of whom would be more likely to be selected for a cunning piece of work than the negro."

"Then you don't want us with you?" Hal asked, disappointedly.

"I didn't say that," Manley replied, quickly. "And I don't want you fellows to think that I don't thank you. I do. But I don't see how you are likely to be able to protect me much, and I don't want to take you away from everything else here just to protect me."

"I'm going to keep the police punched up to their duty," Hal muttered, uneasily. "I'm going down to see the captain myself."

"Oh, you needn't trouble the police," Frank retorted, cheerfully. "They'll do the best they can. The police are all trying to make records, and if they can land Raff, the Spaniard and Goll they'll be even more tickled than we will. And now let's talk about something more cheerful. So, Joe, you think your chances are looking brighter for first baseman on the nine?"

"Well, Lush told me this afternoon, after the practice, that he wanted me to keep in regular training for the first base," Prescott answered.

"How many other men are training for that position now?"

"Only five others," Joe said, glumly.

"And all good men, too," Tod added.

"I don't believe there's one in the first-base bunch that can go ahead of Joe," Frank contended.

"I wish I was as sure of third base, Frank, as you and Hal seem to be of making the battery," Tod went on.

"Hang on, Tod, and you'll land it. Oh, I'd give a heap to see all four of us on the freshman nine!" Frank glowed. "It'd seem like old home times!"

"Glad I'm out of the track rush," Joe butted in. "Whew! What a slew of them are coming forward these last few days!"

"And foxy ones, too," Frank smiled. "There's Bemis, training all winter in a private gym, without letting a word get out at Yale. And Leroy in it, too. Why, altogether, there are to be eight sprinters and twelve distance candidates for the track team. There'll be lively times in the gym Saturday. And that reminds me!"

"Of what?" asked Hal, as Frank made a dive for his cap.

"I promised to run downstairs and see Leroy to-night. I'll be back in a little while, fellows."

Frank ran lightly down the stairs and tapped on the door.

But only Burgin, Leroy's roommate, was in at the latter's quarters.

"Leroy went down to the New Haven House to see Duffield, the professional runner. Leroy left word for you to follow, if you had the time. They'll be in the smoking-room."

"Duffield, eh?" mused Frank.

"Yes; Duffield always has a lot of stories of the professional track, you know," Burgin explained. "He's a fellow worth hearing. Better go along, if you have the time."

"Think I will, for about twenty minutes," Frank nodded. "Good-night."

All thought of everything else was out of his mind as Manley hurried down to the hotel, intent on meeting Duffield, the great professional runner.

"Leroy?" asked the cigar clerk in the smoking-room. "Oh, yes; he went down to Classon's."

Classon's was a restaurant, without a bar, well-known to freshmen who were sensible enough not to drink.

It was a queer little chop and oyster house, up at the end of a dark alley, off a side street.

Frank decided to go there in search of Leroy and the professional.

So he hurried along, forgetful, in his interest, of the possibility that the Lacey gang might be dogging him.

In fact, if Frank had thought of the matter, he would have decided that the members of the gang were so busy keeping out of the way of the police that they would have no time to dog him.

It was a dark alley, indeed, that our hero hastened up.

At the end there was a huge iron lantern, dimly lighted, that showed the entrance to Classon's.

Frank was almost under the lantern when he heard a soft, quick step behind him.

He turned quickly, but, just as he did, something touched him at the waist, running like a flash almost down to his feet.

Now Frank was squarely around.

He looked into the grinning, almost fiendish face of Tony Goll.

"Doan' yo' dare holler," warned the negro, in a hoarse whisper. "If yo' do, I'll cut yo'."

There was a flash of steel in the negro's right hand—a razor!

Startled as he was, Manley realized what had happened.

That touch along his trousers had been made by the keen edge of the razor.

It was a clean cut, that had laid the trousers leg open without inflicting a scratch on the skin underneath.

Such is the skill of a negro who is an adept with the razor that, in a hand-to-hand, rough-and-tumble fight, he

can cut the clothing of his enemy to ribbons without drawing a drop of blood.

"I gotter have a little fun with yo'" grunted the big negro. "But doan' yo' holler. Ef yo' do, I'll jump on yo', and yo' head will be off when I'm through wid yo'."

"Lacey's account, eh?" flashed Frank, who had dropped into a defensive attitude, while Goll crouched opposite him.

"Yep."

"You know what happened to the Frenchman?"

"Yep; but I ain't no froggy. See that!"

With a fearfully swift movement, Tony Goll darted in, cutting a quick slash down the front of Manley's coat.

Frank struck at him, following his left with his right, but the negro ducked, then darted out of harm's way.

Frank tried to follow, but one of Goll's feet rapped smartly across his shin.

"Yo' can't reach me!" chuckled Tony Goll. "Doan' try!"

But Frank again tried to close in, this time driving with his right for the fellow's throat.

Flash!

Almost lazily, Goll interposed the edge of his razor in the way of that fist.

Just in the nick of time did Manley draw back, though he craftily let out with his left fist.

But the razor was in the way there, too, and Manley, on his guard, changed the direction of his blow and saved himself a bad cut.

"Yo' can't reach me, I told yo'!" chuckled Goll, again landing on the freshman's shin as our hero tried to land in under the fellow's guard.

"See that?"

Slash! Manley was driven backward by the rush, Goll registering another long, neat cut in his coat.

"And that?"

It seemed not a particle of use to dodge or to try to fight back.

Whatever he did, Goll managed to close in a slash with that terrible razor.

Nor could Manley land a blow.

Whenever he tried, either his shins suffered, or the razor blade stood in the way of his fist.

It was a wholly new style of fighting.

Manley, though a practiced boxer, had never seen anything like it.

"Yo' can't beat it!" grinned Goll.

"No, I can't," panted Frank, as he crouched back on his guard, both fists up.

"No white man can," laughed Tony.

Inside Classon's there were undoubtedly a score of Yale men at that moment.

A single shout would have brought them rushing out.

Yet Frank knew that at the first outcry Tony Goll would keep his word and jump on him.

By sheer size and weight the negro would be able to bear him down.

That being done, Manley did not doubt, either, that Goll would instantly keep his word about killing.

"But, confound it, I believe he means to finish me in the end, anyway!" Manley quivered, inwardly.

Already his clothing had suffered from more than a dozen well-delivered slashes.

It now hung from his body in ribbons and tatters.

There was now a new and dangerous flash in the negro's eyes.

He showed a new watchfulness as he maneuvered to get in on our hero.

"He means to finish me up!" quivered Frank. "And, confound him, I believe he's clever enough to do it!"

The dread gave Manley new agility and more cleverness.

He retreated along the sidewalk in that dark alley.

There was no chance to run.

If he turned his back to try that, Goll would leap upon him, and all would be over.

But Frank dodged constantly back, keeping his hard fists on guard, watching anxiously for an opening to kick the negro's shins.

But Goll, not in the least afraid, followed, watching for the first chance to make another and uglier slash with his razor.

Their feet, on the sidewalk, beat a soft but peculiar tattoo as the two antagonists dodged each other.

Overhead, a window opened so softly that neither of the absorbed fighters heard it.

Click! Somebody dropped from that window to the sidewalk.

Leroy was now at Manley's side.

Goll panted as he found himself faced by two freshmen.

"Beat it, or quit," ordered Leroy, coolly.

But Goll, not afraid even of two boxers, leaned forward, watching his chance.

Click! Another man landed on the sidewalk.

He was behind the negro.

Like a flash, this last comer thrust his head low and forward.

That head appeared between the negro's legs.

Without loss of a second this newcomer straightened up, bearing the toppling Tony on his shoulders.

All in a twinkling this assailant dropped Goll forward in a heap on his face.

Manley and Leroy fell a-top of the razor-fighter and heavy blows were struck.

"Yale! Here!" sounded Leroy's high voice.

The door of Classon's flew open. Out poured the students by twos and threes.

A minute later Tony Goll, beaten and kicked, was a subdued fighter, yelling for mercy.

His razor had been kicked to the far side of the alley.

In the hands of these angry Yale men the negro fancied that his last minute on earth had come.

But Frank's sharp voice rang out, calling off the avengers, just as a policeman, caught by the din, turned the corner of the alley.

Lacey's force had been reduced by one more fighting man.

Nearly all of the students followed in triumph to the police station.

Then by far the greater number of them went back to Classon's to make merry.

But Frank succeeded in coaxing Leroy and Dufield to his rooms to meet his friends.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE HUMAN TARANTULA'S BITE.

THERE was a shiver of dread after that.

The events before the door of Classon's showed that the fears of Hal and Joe were founded.

Plainly enough, the members of Lacey's gang had taken up the feud of their leader.

If that was so, then Ramirez and Jack Raff were yet to be reckoned with.

For neither of these lieutenants of the gambler had been trailed by the police.

Friday, Frank took advice and remembered it.

He kept to the college grounds.

Moreover, at least one of his friends was with him when he went abroad.

"If for nothing else than saving you for the track meet," explained Hal, "we can't take chances of having you laid up."

"Oh, Tod can hold up our end on the track," Manley smiled.

"Tod hasn't said that he'll enter."

"But he will, though."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite."

"What makes you so sure?"

"If I can't get Tod onto the track any other way, I'm going to put it in the light of a personal favor. That'll fetch him, won't it?"

"It sure will," Hal nodded. "Tod would do anything on earth, if you put it as a favor."

"Tod simply has got to get into the freshman track team," Manley insisted. "He must do that for the good of Yale, even if he has no ambition of his own. He's too good material to be lost."

"Tod runs, then," Hal admitted. "Even if he doesn't know it yet, he runs."

And Tod himself took that view, later in the day, when Frank put the matter to him.

"Oh, well, then," agreed Owen, "I'll try. But, see here—not on the sprint."

"Why not? You're fast," Manley urged.

"Not good enough," Tod retorted. "No; I'm not for the sprint. I'm not for that kind of work. If I have any merit, it's in endurance."

"You'll go in for the half, then, or the mile?"

"For the half-mile," Tod promised. "Nothing else."

"Well, then, if you feel that the half is your best hold," Frank agreed.

"What are you going in for yourself, Frank?"

"For the sprint and the half."

"Oh, well, then, let me out of the half. There's no use, if you're going in."

"Yes, there is," Frank maintained, stubbornly.

"Why, see here, Frank, if you can't win the half, I know that I can't, either."

"But suppose I do win the half?" retorted Manley. "Suppose I beat all the others? Then suppose that, around the time for the freshman team to go in for its real work this year, I happen to be sick, or laid up from any other cause? Suppose I were the best freshman at the half, but couldn't go on the track when the time came? It would be up to you, old fellow, to hold up Yale's end for the half. And I don't want to see you shirk."

"Then I'll try for the half," Tod promised. "But not for anything else."

Hal and Joe had decided, definitely, not to go in for the track contests.

Both were intent on putting in their full time on the baseball work, and on one other thing.

All four were crazy to be in the freshman crew.

All had had preliminary trials in the crew tank, and had been advised to keep on training and trying.

Manley spent nearly an hour on the track that Friday morning.

Late in the afternoon there was more cage work.

His friends shared the cage work with him.

After supper it was a case of "dig."

Exciting as athletics were now becoming at Yale, studies could not be neglected.

Hal lay stretched on the sofa, scanning Latin.

Frank, in the easy-chair, lounging back, had a text-book on mathematics in his left hand, while a pad of paper rested on the arm of the chair.

Tod and Joe were presumably occupied in similar fashion across the corridor.

But, if they were, it was not for long, for Joe, his face aglow, burst in on this industrious study.

"The greatest ever!" he cried, gleefully, waving a sheet of note-paper.

"It must be," said Frank, drily.

"You can't guess!"

"I'd rather you'd tell me. I'm lazy to-night."

"Fannie's in town!"

"No wonder you're off the handle," laughed Frank.

Fannie Jackson, daughter of Woodstock's richest man, was Joe's staunch sweetheart.

Ever since coming to Yale Prescott had been lonely for her.

Though he had not told the others, he had written her every day.

But now she was in New Haven.

"Got in this evening," Joe went on, excitedly. "And she's stopping up at Kitty's."

Kitty Dunstan was Frank's own sweetheart.

"She invites me up, of course," Joe continued. "And, in Kitty's name, she invites us all up there for this evening. How long will it take you to dress?"

"How long will Fannie be in town?" Frank inquired.

"Fortnight, probably."

"Then I'm sorry, old fellow, but I'll have to send regrets to-night," Frank announced, with an air of firmness. "You see, I'm getting close to the wall on math, and I don't dare to slack up before Monday."

"Not go to see Fannie?" blurted Joe.

"Well, old fellow, of course I don't share your enthusiasm. I want to see Fannie, of course, but she won't miss me to-night when you're there, Joe. Really, I've got to bone mighty hard at math."

"But you'll go, Hal?" Joe asked, eagerly.

"Yes," said Spofford, readily, laying down his book. "That is, if Frank will promise not to leave the building until we return."

"That's safe," laughed Manley. "I shall have my nose in this book all evening."

Hal flew into his bedroom to dress.

Joe and Tod were soon ready, and the three freshmen left for an evening of delight at the Dunstans'.

"Kit is too sensible to mind my not coming when I've work to do," Frank thought, and turned all his attention to his task.

The evening wore on, but still he worked busily.

His work caught up with, he turned the pages of future recitations, for he always worked best on a hard stretch like this.

As the little clock on the mantel struck ten, however, Frank rose and placed book and pad on the desk.

Then he returned to his reclining easy-chair.

"It wouldn't do to go to bed before the fellows get back," he yawned. "There'll be a lot to tell about Fannie and Woodstock, and I've got to hear it."

Yet he was tired. Leaning back in the chair, he closed his eyes to rest them.

Then he dozed.

He was awakened, some little time later, by a tap on the door.

"Come in," he called.

The door opened, admitting a well-dressed, rather short and wiry man of forty.

There was something altogether apologetic in this man's manner, as if he felt that he were wholly out of place in a freshman's dormitory building.

"I hope you won't mind my coming in," began the stranger, hesitating on the sill.

"Not at all, sir," Frank assured him, rising. "Can I serve you?"

"I don't know. I've knocked at several doors. I'm trying to get on the track of a fellow named Seymour, who came here in September and left in October. Know him? No one else does."

"No; I couldn't very well have known the man," Frank answered, politely. "I didn't come here until February."

The caller still hesitated, however.

"Won't you sit down?" Manley asked.

"If I'm not intruding on your study."

"No; I'm through, and waiting for my roommate, who is out. Sit down, sir."

Hat in hand, the man slid into a chair.

"Pretty comfortable here," he observed.

"Oh, yes; we have pretty fair rooms."

"Not much in 'em, either, I suppose?" smiled the caller.

"Quite a bit of study to be done, sir."

"I suppose there ain't many of the young men in just now, though. I knocked at a few of the doors as I came along and got no answer. Anybody in across the way?"

"No; the fellows who live there are out with my roommate."

"You go in for athletics?" queried the caller.

"With all the time I can spare."

The caller displayed an interest in Manley's physique, asking several questions as to his measurements.

Frank answered, though he began to wonder what the stranger was driving at.

"What do you measure from shoulder-point to shoulder-point?" asked the caller, finally.

"I really don't know."

"Any objection to my measuring?"

"Not the least."

Frank picked up a ruler from the desk, handing it to his visitor.

Then he stood with his back turned.

"Put your hands in front of you first, please," asked the stranger.

Frank did so, and the shoulder measurement was taken.

"Now, will you put your hands behind you, close together?"

Frank complied, though he was beginning to feel a trifle curious.

Click! click! Manley felt the swift pressure of handcuffs.

He tried to shout out, but the stranger's wiry arms were around his throat from behind.

Strangling, Frank was dragged over onto his back on the floor.

"Swallow this," advised the assailant, forcing his mouth open and wedging in a not very clean handkerchief.

Furiously Manley beat a tattoo on the floor with his heels.

"Reckon the folks downstairs ain't at home, but it's best to be safe," commented this queer specimen.

He seated himself across Manley's legs.

There was a half-way fight, but it ended in Manley's feet being bound with a cord.

"Now, I s'pose I'd better introduce myself," suggested the stranger, softly. "My name's Jack Raff."

Frank gave a violent start.

"Ever hear of me? Yes, I reckon you have!"

So here was Lacey's Westerner.

"Down in Arizona," continued Raff, mildly. "They used to call me the human tarantula. Queer name, ain't it?"

He paused to note the effect of his question in Manley's eyes.

"There's one peculiar thing about the Southwest," went on Raff. "When a man gets a name down there, it always means something. Like to know how I got my name?"

As he paused in his speech, Jack Raff took from his pocket something wrapped in a bandanna handkerchief.

"Folks down in Arizona was mean enough to say that I had put a few men out of business?" went on the human tarantula, mildly. "I had a habit of using a knife, and some folks who got scratched up with it had the bad luck to swell up and die. Pretty bloated most of 'em looked. So Arizona folks said that my knife-point was tipped with the poison of the tarantula. That was how I got my name. Queer, wasn't it?"

While Raff gave this cool explanation, he unwrapped the handkerchief.

Frank's horrified gaze looked on a stiletto in its sheath.

But now Raff took the sheath off, exposing a long, narrow blade of some six inches.

"Tipped with tarantula poison, just as it used to be," he explained, softly. "Now, I'm not going to hurt you much. Just two or three light scratches across the face. Won't hardly smart. Then, when your friends come in, they can see what they can do for you!"

Frank writhed in torment, the cold sweat standing out all over him.

The tarantula is a huge spider of the Southwest, whose venom is as deadly as that of the rattlesnake.

Awful, loathsome is the death endured by the victim of the tarantula's sting.

"Just a couple of scratches—won't hardly smart," whispered Raff, as he bent over the helpless freshman.

The fellow spoke almost apologetically.

Frank tried to frame desperate, frantic appeal with his eyes, but Raff, if he understood, was not to be hindered.

"Suffer a little bit," he whispered, slowly. "But in an hour it'll all be over. Account of Lacey, you know."

He held the stiletto point close to Manley's face.

Just then the door flew open. Hal looked in.

"Fellows! Here! Quick!" he called.

The frantic appeal brought Joe and Tod there on the jump.

As the three freshmen blocked the doorway, Jack Raff sprang to his feet.

"Better keep back!" he warned. "This point is tipped with tarantula poison. Any fellow that gets scratched by it's a goner."

"Get in and jump him," growled Joe, pushing Hal forward.

Frank, on the floor, tried to squirm a warning.

"Reckon I can fix you all three if you rush me," hinted Raff, coolly. "Better stand back and let me get out. That'll save your lives."

"Bluff!" sneered Tod.

But again Frank squirmed feverishly on the floor.

Hal understood that message, if his two friends didn't.

"Stand back," he urged. "See here, Tod and Joe.

Don't try to rush this rascal. But don't let him get out, either. Just keep him here and wait."

Hal vanished at a bound.

Jack Raff stood coolly watching the two freshmen, who blocked the doorway.

"No use trying to work a bluff, gentlemen," he announced. "Fellow who gets near enough to lay hands on me is going to get tarantula bite. Step aside and let me by."

"Not on your life!" Joe gritted.

"Then you'll get scratched."

"So will you," taunted Joe. "No matter what you do, if you get within reach, we'll jump you and get you down. Then you'll get pricked good and plenty, too, with your own darning-needle. If it's as dangerous as you say it is, you'll have a dose of your own medicine. Try the trick, if you don't believe us."

Jack Raff looked just a trifle disconcerted.

He stood in his tracks, as if undecided.

Then, suddenly, Hal's brisk step was heard in the corridor.

In another instant the muzzles of a shotgun were thrust into the room, between Joe and Tod.

Click! click! went both hammers a-cock.

"Now, Mr. Jack Raff—for I take it that's who you are—the muzzles are turned against your belly. If you're from the West, you may know what happens to a man who's shot under the belt," suggested Hal, with business-like coolness. "I've heard that a man shot through the bowels lingers in a torment worse than any in the infernal regions. Maybe you know!"

"You've got me," declared Jack Raff, turning a sickly green at last.

"Then drop that stiletto of yours softly on the floor, where it won't do any harm," Hal ordered.

A moment's hesitation, then the stiletto fell harmlessly to the floor.

"Now, put your hands up, and get across the floor against the wall," Hal went on.

Jack Raff obeyed.

Now all three of the freshmen stepped into the room.

Joe, his face utterly white, his eyes blazing, lurched forward, clutching Raff with one hand by the throat.

Biff! Joe's hard fist broke the scoundrel's nose.

Smash! That second blow cost the man from the West four front teeth.

"Here, that's enough," came gruffly from Tod, as he dragged the ugly Prescott backward.

"Yes, I know it," trembled Joe. "But I couldn't help doing it to an unhangd scoundrel who uses tarantula venom."

Tod turned his attention now to freeing Frank, Raff meekly furnishing the key to the handcuffs.

They were placed, in turn, over the wrists of their owner.

Raff at least proved himself game. He had not whimpered under Joe's fearful smashes, nor did he now make any fuss about being ironed.

Tod now busied himself with stopping the flow of blood at Raff's nose.

"I must admit, Mr. Raff," glinted Hal, "that you've given us very little trouble. I am obliged to you, especially as the fellow who loaned me this gun didn't happen to have any ammunition for it!"

Raff swore softly under his breath.

But he was jugged in complete fashion. There was no use in trying to make a fuss, and he didn't try to.

Fifteen minutes later Jack Raff was a guest of the city, in a not very big room that had an iron-barred door to it.

"Just one left," grunted Joe, as they left the station-house.

"Ramirez," Tod supplied.

"Don't forget Lacey himself," smiled Frank, wearily.

CHAPTER IX.

UP AGAINST THE SPEEDIEST FRESHMAN BUNCH.

THE big gym had been crowded for an hour.

More than half of Yale's students were there, and there were many outsiders.

Down on the main floor there was a dense pack.

Up on the gallery track there were only a few of the trainers, judges and timekeepers.

These were waiting idly until the minute of eight o'clock was reached.

Just at the foot of the winding iron staircase, on settees, sat the candidates for the freshman track team.

Over their running togs they wore, until called, bathrobes that kept them from chilling in the fresh, cool air of the gym.

At just a little distance from the candidates stood one of the outsiders, Jackets Winston.

His gaze was almost constantly on Manley.

Jackets scanned him from head to foot, as if to discover any flaw that there might be in his idol's condition.

From Manley, once in a while, little Winston's gaze roved to Terrell.

That uncertain young runner looked lazily indifferent to-night, as if he felt less interest in the outcome than any one else present.

There were some other supposedly very clever sprinters waiting for the first track event.

As the gym clock showed two minutes of eight, Jackets beckoned slightly with his head.

Smiling, Manley stepped forward.

Hal and Joe, too, closed in.

"Not a single defect in your form, is there?" asked Winston, anxiously.

"Not that I know," Frank smiled.

"Wind perfect?"

"As nearly as I can tell."

"No tightness around the chest?"

"Not a particle."

"Legs smooth as silk?" persisted the little fellow.

"Feel so."

"Do you feel all spring?"

"Yes," laughed Manley.

"Frank, you've simply got to win that sprint!"

"I shall, if your prayers are any good, Jackets! Why, you're more anxious about me than you'll be about yourself when your turn comes here in a few years."

"That's right!" nodded Jackets.

"Ease up, then, Winston," laughed Hal. "Frank's going to take the sprint away from every one."

"And the half, too," said Joe, confidently.

"Sprinters up!" came the fateful summons from the gallery.

Frank Manley felt himself tingling as he went slowly up the iron stairs in the bunch of eight.

This was his first public, decisive, formal contest at Yale—the very event to which he had looked forward longingly for years!

He must win!

So intensely did that wistful desire overmaster him that he felt himself trembling.

"This won't do," he growled to himself, in alarm. "Victory at Yale can't be won on shaky legs! Brace up, old fellow! There's no such thing as fear!"

He was steadier by the time that he stepped out on the track.

Yet he glanced enviously at the composed, indolent, all but lazy Terrell.

That eccentric freshman plainly did not know what worry was.

There was the trainer explaining the few points of the sprint.

Frank tried to listen, though he already knew the instructions by heart.

"On your marks!"

That was more like business. Frank instantly became like springy steel.

On this narrow track they could not start all abreast.

So they were grouped in a bunch, the arrangement being made, as far as possible, to give no starter too much advantage.

"Get set!"

Frank filled his lungs mechanically, but he filled the living machine with the utmost quantity of air that the lungs could hold.

Bang!

Eight men were up and off at the crack of the starter's pistol.

And now how the crowd on the floor gaped.

Hal, Joe and Jackets were out on the middle of the floor, where they could command a view of the stretch.

"Frank third!" gasped Hal.

"No—second!" quivered Winston, as Manley shot forward.

"Can he——"

Frank was second, with only Terrell in front, nor was that lead great.

Straining every nerve, Manley tried to close the gap.

He was gaining—an inch to the smallest fraction of a second.

But a hundred yards is a pitifully short distance as it is recorded on the watch.

It was over.

Terrell had come in a full foot in the lead.

Manley, then, was but second on Yale's freshman sprinting track.

Hal sighed, his eyes all but wet.

"No matter," gritted Joe, as his gaze fell from the gallery. "He'll have the cinder track out at the field later on."

Jackets didn't say a word. He couldn't just then.

Manley had lost the sprint. There was a tremendous choke in little Winston's throat that wouldn't be swallowed.

The sprinters were coming down now.

Frank's friends pressed through the crowd to meet him. Joe was stolidly silent.

Hal's greeting, as soon as he got close enough to Frank, was a stealthy clutch of the hand.

Jackets, without a word, smiled wetly, bravely, at his old coach of Woodstock days.

"I did the best that was in me," Frank murmured, quietly.

Back in the crowd could be heard the voice of Dr. Anderson, the physical director:

"This is the fastest freshman lot that we've had in many a day!"

Well, it wasn't so bad, then, to be only second in such a lot.

Hal, Joe and Jackets followed their leader below for the careful rub-down.

"Oh, it's all right," muttered Hal, as Manley, his running togs off, lay on the massage table and his friends rubbed him skilfully. "There's the half-mile yet."

"I may do better in that," suggested Manley, simply.

"You will—sure!" Joe cheered him.

"Terrell doesn't run in that, does he?" asked Winston.

"No," from Hal.

"I'm sorry Terrell isn't in the half," Frank broke in. "He's the one I'd like to match for endurance."

"Hear the yelling," broke in Jackets. "That means the finish of the two hundred and twenty."

But the little group around Manley was not interested in that event, nor in the quarter battle to follow.

It was the half for which they waited now—only the half!

CHAPTER X.

THE HALF-MILE AGONY.

"The quarter's on. Time for the half-milers," called a friendly messenger, thrusting his head in at the dressing-room door.

"Thank you," Hal acknowledged.

"News for you," added the freshman messenger, lingering.

"What's that?"

"Terrell!"

"What about him?"

"Decided to go in for the half!"

"Good!" ejaculated Manley, springing up.

"Has he been rubbed?" Jackets asked, quickly.

"Sorter," grinned the freshman.

"Is that all?"

"Just a spit and lick, you know. He's gone upstairs already."

"Then Manley wins the half!" Jackets almost whispered.

"You feel in the prime of condition, don't you, Frank?" Joe asked, anxiously.

"If I don't, it's not the fault of my friends," Manley laughed. "You fellows have sure done wonders for me."

"Half-milers up!" some one bawled down the passage.

Frank was just fastening the lace of one of his shoes.

He rose with alacrity, while Joe threw his robe over him.

"Come on!" quivered Hal.

"To victory!" cheered Jackets.

Frank smiled wistfully.

"What a sour bunch you'll all be if I lose the half," he muttered.

"We sure will," Jackets confirmed.

"So you won't lose," Hal urged.

"He won't," Joe declared, with emphasis. "Frank Manley never goes back on his friends."

"Don't forget that," pleaded little Winston.

His whole heart was staked on seeing his hero win.

"You don't feel flustered?" whispered Hal.

"I?" laughed Frank. "You know me better than that."

Attended by his three friends, Manley ascended the stairs slowly.

The cheering for the winner of the quarter had already died out.

The quarter was a dead issue now.

But who was to win the half?

Betting was lively, even if on the quiet, on the gym floor.

There is always a lot of interest in the half and the mile at this freshman trial of runners.

The freshmen who can win the half and the mile are looked upon as the men who will show the endurance in athletics in later college years.

"Ten to eight on Manley, against the bunch!" softly called a sophomore, just as Frank's party was passing.

He displayed a thick roll of bills in the face of another student.

"Ten to eight, in any amount up to four hundred," the soph insisted.

Turning to him, Frank said, quietly:

"Thank you."

"You're going to win for me, Manley, aren't you?" grinned the soph.

"If my heart holds together—and I think it will."

"Too good a man to bet against," nodded the other student.

"Ten to seven, then, on Manley!" offered the betting soph. "Who wants Manley money at ten to seven?"

There were no offers.

"Does every one think Manley's going to win?" wailed the soph.

"I'll take eight to ten, up to a hundred, that Terrell comes in ahead of Manley," offered one student, pushing forward.

"Good! Strip your wad!"

There was lively betting all over the gym floor, though it went on quietly, not to attract the attention of the college authorities.

Manley was the general favorite.

Tod, too, came in for a share of the attention, though he was, at the best, a six-to-ten card against either Manley or Terrell.

"Think you're going to win?" Tod asked, with interest, as Manley got close.

"I'm going to try to, of course. But see here, old chap."

"Well?"

"Tod, I want you to do your best to keep at my side, or ahead of me, all the way around. If I can't win, I leave it to you to beat Terrell."

"I don't expect to capture the half," Tod protested. "I'll be pleased with third."

"That isn't the right talk, Tod. First or nothing—remember that! Lead Terrell!"

"Oh, I'll try hard enough!"

"What show, Owen?" whispered a soph, with money to wager.

"Don't bet on me," said Tod, simply.

"Can't win?"

"I don't know. But I always lose when there's money up on me."

"Is that rot?"

"No, it isn't," Tod declared, earnestly. "I hope to win, but if you bet on me you're sure to lose your money and I the race. Take that for a straight tip."

"Owen doesn't have any hope of winning," reported this questioner to a group of friends, half a minute later.

"Lost his nerve?" asked some one.

"No; simply knows he's hopeless."

"Owen doesn't look much good. Just a big, raw-boned slob," declared a junior.

That was what Tod got from trying to keep others from betting on him.

"Half-mile men up!" came the summons from above.

The fateful moment had come.

Frank felt a queer little quiver inside.

If he failed this time he would feel utterly foolish as a freshman athlete.

Besides, it would affect his chances on the baseball nine—none knew that better than he.

A good half-miler is likely to be a reliable base-runner. Trainers know that, and act accordingly.

Then, too, Frank had been working in the tank boat for the freshman boat crew.

Endurance, now, would make his showing better for making the crew.

Oh, it was an anxious moment as he climbed the gallery stairs!

To lose the first place in the sprint was bad enough, but to be defeated in the half would be an athletic tragedy for this ambitious young freshman.

Robes had been left behind downstairs. The running candidates now stood forth in all their athletic splendor.

With Frank, as he glanced along that rubber-padded track, the quiver went.

Here was the field—the battle was to be entered in a moment.

Then came the tense moment in which the freshman candidates were placed.

They took their wind—waited.

Bang!

The signal!

They were off, every one of them, without a sign of false or tardy start.

Some impulse akin to the rush and push of steam seemed at work inside of Frank Manley.

Had he had time to think, he would have been surprised at himself.

A cheer went up.

"Manley leads!"

Yes, there he was, at the lead—the best starter!

Hal, Joe and Jackets, by themselves, cheered loudly enough for a regiment.

Pounding behind Frank was Terrell.

Just behind Terrell, slightly leading the thick-set bunch, was Tod Owen.

Money began to fly down among the onlookers on the gym floor.

"Manley—ten to six!"

"Take it, for a hundred!"

But our hero got no word of all this.

He could not hear Terrell behind him, but he could FEEL the pound of that splendid runner's feet just at his heels.

Never in his life had Frank run as he was running.

Never before had he been up against such men as Yale could furnish.

It was do or die!

Manley, sorely pressed, had shot to the head of one of the speediest freshman bunches Yale had ever known.

"Can I keep this fearful pace for two minutes?" he groaned.

Then came to him the thought:

"I wish Kit were here to see me make this run. That would carry me in first!"

Right on that came the flashing thought:

"I'll run as if she were here. Yes; she is here—looking at my every stride—for she'll know what I do now!"

He was still keeping first place, though Terrell was pounding closer inch by inch.

In fact, Terrell was making a more splendid showing than Hal, Joe or Jackets cared to admit.

When the first lap had been rounded it looked as if Terrell were craftily saving his steam for the last hundred and fifty yards of the tough race.

"Anybody giving ten to eight on Manley?" the call went around.

There were some who responded and put up the money. Yet they were few.

Manley enthusiasts were now few.

For it was plain to all who knew running that Manley could not put on another ounce of steam.

Could Terrell?

That was the question that was to decide the race.

If Terrell could do ever so little more than he was doing when the finish spurt came on, then it would be up with Manley's chances.

Manley would lose the half—would be twice beaten by Terrell!

Hal was all a-quiver as he watched the—to him—tragic battle.

At moments he felt that Frank must give up.

What an eternity the two minutes or so of the half-mile seems!

A sprint is simply a whizz! And it's done!

But the half-mile? Two minutes of suffering for all who wonder and hope!

It is a fearful strain on the heart of even the best runner and the strongest athlete.

Frank's heart was thumping so that he fancied Terrell must hear it, now that the din below had subsided into almost silent wonder.

None but one in perfect, splendid bodily condition can stand up under this heart-racking.

But Terrell, too, of course, was finding his own heart busy.

And what of Tod?

Owen had pulled away from the bunch, now all but massed a few yards to the rear.

Tod was close at Terrell's heels, dogging him as if he had a strong personal grudge against that good-natured athlete.

Frank's wind was not broken yet.

He was breathing hard, to be sure, but not gasping, nor fighting for air.

And now came the last two hundred yards.

Those who had pinned their faith to Terrell were watching anxiously for the sign of what they expected—the crowding on of more steam.

"Oh, Terrell, old man—let yourself out!"

Terrell heard, and was amused, but he did not smile.

Instead, a look of pain contorted his face, as it does that of every man who is making a half-mile in company where records may be smashed.

Tod's face showed even more distress.

Frank's goodly face, while it showed pain, looked as if he were staring into vacancy.

Indeed, he was—for at every stride he peered as if he

saw the sweet face of Kitty Dunstan turned on him in wistful anxiety.

"Terrell, old man, I've got a pipe bet on you!"

"Owen, do you know there's money on you?"

"Manley! Take a jump!"

Terrell had gotten slightly nearer.

The sight set his followers almost delirious.

"That's it! Push Manley over and scoot!"

Now, in the last fifty yards, Manley made his most desperate play of all.

He cast all on the desperate effort to increase his stride and gait!

It was magnificent work, that brought forth a cheer—but, oh, what it cost in physical agony!

No matter! It was do or die, now! It mattered little which. If not one, then the other!

Terrell fell just slightly behind.

He was disappointing those who had looked for him to go to the head by leaps and bounds.

And Tod?

With that old Bradford obstinacy and doggedness, he was emulating Manley now.

As Terrell went slightly behind, Tod gained on him, an inch or two at a time.

"Owen—go to the head, now!"

"Terrell—the lobster!"

Frank could no longer see, as he whirled into the last stretch.

There! He was in sight of the finish line, but he did not see it!

He shot—whizzed—plunged!

Then, more by instinct than anything else, he knew that the fearful course was run.

He slowed up, stopped.

There was Terrell, ghastly white and almost fainting, at his side, and Tod, who had stopped more slowly, just ahead.

Who had won?

Manley dully wondered, but he was not quite sure now.

It was too late to change the result, anyway.

Reaching for the railing, he started to turn back, amid the deafening din from below.

"Good old Manley!"

"Manley, the sure-money man!"

"Manley, at any odds!"

He had won, then? It seemed so.

A moment later he was almost sure, when the smiling Trainer Mack grasped his hand and shook it warmly.

"It was a splendid performance, lad—splendid! How you did run!"

Yes, Frank was almost sure, now, that he had been the winner.

He smiled, though faintly.

"Who was second?" he asked.

"Owen."

"And third?"

"Terrell. Sprinting is his best hold."

"Oh, yes, then, of course I won," Frank murmured, inwardly.

Frank was all but dizzy as he started to descend the stairs.

Hal, proud as a king, waited with the robe over one arm.

"Bully!" glowed Spofford, as he gripped Frank's arm.

"Finest thing I ever saw, Prince!" choked Jackets.

Hal swung the robe over his chum.

But that was all he could do.

For, before Joe had time to add his congratulations, a dozen excited college men rushed at our hero.

Up on their shoulders he went, and was carried off in triumph to the dressing-room below.

Tod came down a minute later, with only Joe for company.

Yet Owen had won second place, only a yard and a half behind our hero.

He was as sure as Frank himself of a place on the Yale freshman track team.

Moreover, Tod's baseball stock had gone up by that two minutes' work.

Terrell was taken to another dressing-room.

He, good-natured and lazy, though he had tried hard to win, was among the least concerned over his failure to make good.

It was Manley, Manley, Manley! with the dozens of Yale men who thronged the dressing-room while our hero got back his wind, slowed down the tempestuous heart-beat and had his sore muscles rubbed into restfulness.

The mile was over, too, and the night's work done, by the time that Frank and Tod had dressed for the street.

Frank was utterly happy. He was a safe fixture for the track team, nor had his victory deprived Tod Owen of honor on that hardly fought course.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEVIL IN A DEVIL WAGON.

THE night's glory was not over.

There was yet the supper, and probably the speeches.

For, though the upper classmen now abandoned the freshmen, the members of the lowest class felt in honor bound to take their champions down to Classon's for the feasting and the cheering.

None of the runners had eaten supper.

All were now hungry, whether the records had made them happy or otherwise.

Groups of noisy freshmen streamed and poured through the college grounds.

Frank, Tod and Terrell were the center of a happy mob of at least fifty freshmen.

Straight down to Classon's they flocked, other groups bringing up a more or less distant rear.

In the famous freshman eating resort they trooped, dining the air with their yells and talk.

But folks in Classon's were used to that, and looked for tumult on track night.

Frank dove for a table in a corner, followed by his own friends, who filled all the seats at that table.

"Here, get up on the table, Manley! We want to see you and hear from you!" shouted one boisterous leader in the racket.

"I shall feel sorry I won anything if I am not allowed to eat a little in peace," Frank laughed. "Have I no right to be hungry?"

"Just a few words."

"Not until I've eaten."

"Oh, let him alone."

So the merry-makers pounced upon Terrell, who, always good-natured in the extreme, was not averse to being made any use of that pleased this jolly mob.

Frank quietly gave a rush order for what he and his chums wanted.

The meal came.

The next time that there was a demand for him Frank pointed grimly to the hot food that claimed his attention.

So he was allowed to eat.

And now Holly, who had won a splendid mile, was called upon to appease the clamor.

"They won't let you off, though," Joe grinned.

"Of course not," Frank assented, as his gaze roved over the hundred and fifty celebrating freshmen in the room.

Then he glanced toward a side door.

"Listen, fellows," he whispered, leaning forward.

"What's up?" demanded Hal, suspiciously.

"I've eaten all I want."

"Yes?"

"I don't like this racket—and I'm tired."

"Of course you are."

"I want to beat it—get out—skedaddle!"

"Try it!" muttered Joe. "You'll get lynched!"

"Not if you fellows help me out."

"We can't," sighed Tod. "We're only four against a regiment."

"There's a side door back of me," Frank went on.

"Open it, and see what happens!"—from Joe.

"It'll be easy," Frank proposed, "if you fellows help me out. The next time they start cheering you fellows rise and cheer yourselves hoarse. Stand so as to cover the line between me and the side door. Then, by the time the fellows discover that I'm not here, I'll be a quarter of a mile away."

"They'll lynch us instead," hinted Tod.

"No, they won't. You fellows pretend to be the maddest in the whole crowd. Just tell 'em that you'll catch me and bring me back with a halter around my neck. Make a rush out. No matter whether there's a mob with you. You can beat it—and we'll meet at our rooms. It'll be easy!"

"There'll be a to-morrow," grumbled Joe, uneasily.

"No; by to-morrow they'll have forgotten it all. There!

"There they go now," as a new din arose. "Get up and holler to beat four dollars!"

As Manley's four chums rose and yelled, waving their capkins, Frank, bending low, made for the door.

He opened it, got through, made for the stairs, and went almost breathlessly out into the alley.

All was quiet out here.

The din behind and overhead did not indicate discovery of his flight.

So he walked quietly down the alley.

At the corner of the alley and the street stood an automobile at the curb.

Two men, both in tight-fitting cloth skull-caps, seemed occupied with the machinery of the big car.

Huge goggles hid their eyes.

It struck Frank, vaguely, as being queer that they had not taken off their goggles to look over the machinery.

Feeling that he had plenty of time to bolt and lose himself, if sounds of pursuit arose, Frank stopped, idly, to see what the men were doing with the car.

"It's a bad breakdown," said the shorter of the begoggled pair, observing our hero.

"What's wrong?" queried Frank.

"It would be hard to say. For one thing, the sparker refuses to work."

"Might as well send for a horse, then," Frank laughed.

"See here," went on the shorter man, getting down on his knees, as if to look under the car.

Frank, too, squatted, unmindful, for the moment, of his danger of being captured by a hundred angry freshmen.

"Do you see this shaft?" asked the shorter man.

Frank bent lower still, peering and trying to see the part to which his attention was being called.

Just in that instant he felt the clutch of a pair of sinewy hands at his throat.

It was a strangling, fearful clutch.

Then, too, like a flash, his hands were forced behind him and a pair of handcuffs were snapped over his wrists.

He knew now!

His assailants must be Lacey and——

Undoubtedly, the shorter man would be Ramirez, the Spaniard.

It had been neatly, cleverly done!

And now he understood why the police had been unable to find Lacey, the gambler.

Concealed in a bulky automobile coat, his mustache shaved off, and his features distorted, effectually disguised by skull-cap and the great goggles——

Why, Lacey could drive his car right along past a cordon of police and they would never suspect!

All this flashed through our hero's mind swiftly in the few seconds that he was being choked into silence and handcuffed into helplessness.

"Up with him, into the car!" sounded a quivering voice that Frank knew to be the gambler's.

From behind came a racket and a tumult.

The freshmen had discovered Manley's flight.

They came pouring out of Olsson's.

"Help! Yale!" bellowed Frank, at the top of his lusty voice, in the second that he was in the air.

The freshmen saw, understood.

Most of them thought it some part of a joke, a frolic—but they realized, at least, that their quarry was being spirited away in an automobile.

Chug! Frank landed in the bottom of the tonneau.

Just a second, and Ramirez was beside him, again choking.

Lacey had jumped into the front of the car, his swift hand at the lever.

The flying freshmen were now almost upon the auto.

Chug! rattlé! The great car moved.

"Stop it!"

"Lynch the whole crew!"

But the wheels had begun to move.

With a forty horse-power machine the start can be all but a flying one.

By the time that the excited freshmen reached the end of the alley, the huge car was forty yards away and gathering speed.

But Hal, alone, among the leaders of the freshman crowd, had caught the faint glint of light on Manley's handcuffed wrists as he was lifted into the car.

"That's Lacey and Ramirez!" he screamed. "Catch 'em!"

Joe, Tod and Jackets understood—quivered—almost reeled!

But all four spurted to the head of the flying pursuers.

They flashed around the alley corner, heading up the street on what seemed worse than a useless pursuit.

Yet Frank's friends knew that if pursuit failed his doom would be swiftly sealed!

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE PATH OF SWIFT DESTRUCTION.

As Lacey, his grasp on lever and steering wheel, turned for a flashing instant to look at the angry pursuers, he took in the situation.

There was no hope of escaping with Manley to a point where vengeance could be worked out as he had planned.

Whatever course the auto followed, these pursuers could telephone ahead along the route.

There would be stoppage, rescue—the capture of the gambler and his ally.

But there was a chance, at least, for vengeance on the young man from Yale.

It flashed into Lacey's mind with the speed of lightning.

"Get ready to jump, Ramirez!" he bellowed back. "Do as I tell you—when I tell you!"

"Yes!" was the Spaniard's quivering answer.

They were nearing the corner of one of the main streets.

Around this corner Lacey guided the great machine.

"Get ready to jump!" he shouted.

"All ready!"

"Jump!"

The car had been running with comparative slowness.

Lacey gave the lever a hard push over.

The great car throbbed.

In the flashing second before the new burst of speed came Lacey himself jumped.

Even in the instant he was in the air the car shot away from him—leaped ahead like a demon of destruction.

The auto was running wild now!

Headed straight up the street, it must run at terrific speed—fifty miles an hour, at the least.

No matter whether it went on straight ahead or veered, it must swiftly collide with something in the way.

Then wreck, and swift death for Manley would be the greatest mercy that could come to Frank.

Hal Spofford, ahead of the others, saw first Ramirez and then Lacey land in the road.

He saw them hit the ground, stagger, then straighten and run.

"Joe, Tod!" quivered Hal. "Catch 'em. That's your job!"

Now Manley had staggered to his feet, but he could not do more, unless it were to pray.

He realized the awful speed. It was fifty miles an hour. So it seemed to him.

And so it would have been, had there been full power on. As a matter of fact, the speed was much less than fifty miles, yet it was terrific in a car that was running wild through the streets of a city.

As the car sped on, Frank's heart seemed in his mouth as he saw a foot-passenger on a crossing escape with his life by only a hair's breadth.

Horried people were shouting up and down the street.

Carriages were veered sharply out of the way, though the frantic drivers could not tell whether an automobile with no guiding hand at the wheel would swerve and crush them, anyway.

"Stop it! Climb over and stop it!" bellowed men, hoarsely, as they saw Frank standing in the tonneau.

He passed so swiftly that they could not see that his arms were fast behind him—that he was utterly helpless in this mad thing of a huge vehicle that was careening on to destruction.

They thought—these people on the sidewalk—that the single human being in the car had lost his head—that he had gone hopelessly mad with terror

On sped the infernal thing.

In an utter agony of despair Frank essayed to snap the manacles that crushed in his wrists.

It was of no avail.

He realized that, and lost every atom of hope.

Yet he did not sink down, striving to shut out the fate that must come to him in a few seconds.

He could not even close his eyes.

Fascinated by the awful horror of his impending, fearful doom, he leaned against the front seat, hypnotized, magnetized, frozen with the grewsome horror of it all.

Clang! clang! Toot!

Merciful heaven!

Here was heart-stilling danger ahead.

One of the city's fire-engines, responding to an alarm, was rushing toward him from the opposite direction.

On it came, speeding, lurching, shrieking by steam, behind three galloping horses.

The driver on the seat of that engine saw the auto in his path, but he himself was going too fast to realize that the great car was without a hand on the steering wheel.

Toot! toot! Toot! toot! Clang!

Madly the engineer signaled.

The engine was on the proper side of the street—the auto on the wrong side.

The engine's driver could not veer the horses without putting himself in the wrong by violating the law of the highway.

Toot! toot! Clang!

The engine's driver was himself in a cold sweat of terror.

Even if he veered to the wrong side of the road, might not the auto swerve at the same second and bring on the awful crash?

The engineer on the platform at the rear of the fire apparatus, leaning far out to one side and signaling in noisy terror, was white-faced, drooping, reeling!

Frank Manley, frozen, rigid, could no longer think.

He could realize—that was all. But his thoughts would not form in words.

Back of the careening auto was Hal Spofford, striving, fighting—praying!

For Hal, at the instant that he gave the tremulous order to Joe and Tod to capture the fleeing gamblers, had seen and seized the only hope on earth.

At the curb stood a man leaning on the handle-bars of a motorcycle.

There was no time to speak—to explain.

He simply doubled one arm, and then struck out from the shoulder.

He felled the motorcyclist.

Yet Hal did not—could not!—wait to see what happened to the fellow.

In a twinkling Spofford was on the saddle, pedaling madly with his feet.

As he gained headway, Spofford called on the motor.

He felt the machine thrill and throb under him—felt it scoot like a thing of life.

Steering almost by instinct, Hal crowded on every revolution that could be coaxed out of the motor.

He was flying now, his feet on the coaster-guards, his hands guiding the handle-bars with deathly steadiness in this awful race against time to save his best friend on earth.

Toot! toot! clang!

Hal saw that fateful fire-engine—took in the whole awful thing in a flash.

But Hal did not lose his nerve.

As the awful peril increased, so did his fighting courage.

He saw that he was gaining on the auto.

With nicety he calculated the distance, the time needed. Could he make it?

He did not know, but he shared his chum's peril.

For Spofford, too, was right in the path of the oncoming engine.

Hal was gaining.

He was so near that he could almost touch the back of the great black car.

Another second—perhaps two! Now he was beside the side step.

It was a desperate, fearful chance, but Hal took it.

Through the air he leaped, leaving the falling motorcycle behind.

He was on the step, clutching at the side of the rushing, swaying car.

Only for a second, though.

Then Frank suddenly saw a dark figure fly over the front seat.

Hal Spofford's steady hands swooped down on the steering wheel!

Engine and auto were within ten feet of each other!

A slight swerve, and Hal Spofford had driven shavily by, just grazing a wheel of the engine, but without real injury to either vehicle.

"Safe!" Hal cheered back.

Then he slowed down, running in close to the curb, and came to a full stop.

"All right, old fellow!" Hal sang, cheerily, though there was a great, sobbing choke in his voice. "Come over here with me."

"Car!", trembled Frank.

"Why not? Oh, I forgot."

Hal leaned over the seat, while Manley half-turned to show the manacles.

"I can't get 'em off," gulped Hal. "But we'll soon find somebody who can. Sit back on the seat. We're all right now."

With a rasp from the car's horn, Hal got under slow way, made a sweeping turn, and then started slowly down the street.

Hal was in his full glory now. Anything with machinery in it was his!

Things had happened so swiftly that people along this part of the street hardly knew what had gone before their eyes.

Hal ran slowly back to the place where he had abandoned the motorcycle.

It had fallen just out of the path of the engine and the following hose cart.

It lay there in the street now, practically uninjured.

Stopping, Hal lifted the thing into the car, after shutting off the still buzzing motor.

Then once more down the street he moved, at a little greater pace.

And now he came to where the badly distanced freshmen still lingered.

It was a rousing yell that they sent up when they saw the great car returning under a guiding hand.

And just now another yell ascended.

For Joe, Jackets and a half-score of other young men came back, dragging with them Lacey and Ramirez, badly pounded and minus their goggles.

The motorcyclist was there, too—ugly over the assault that had been made on him.

But Hal, backed by a hundred of his classmen, was safe against any wrath.

Moreover, Spofford quickly made an explanation that put a different face on matters.

Jackets was the first to think of the key to the handcuffs. He made Lacey give over the key, and Frank Manley joined his fellows, once more a free man.

Of course, the police showed up.

Lacey and the now sullen Ramirez were made police property in a jiffy.

Then Hal tried to explain to the wondering freshmen, but broke down.

Joe took up the strange story. Tod threw in many particulars.

Jackets listened with wonderful thankfulness and glowing pride in his hero.

The police took charge of the auto, along with the prisoners, Lacey being compelled to drive the machine.

But the policeman at his side sent back a cheering tooting from the horn.

"Now, back to Classon's!" roared one of the irrepressible freshmen. "Now, Manley's got to make a speech—a speech to last an hour and a half!"

"Hurrah!"

"Nothing but speech!"

"Manley! Manley!"

"He can't beat it this time!"

"Bring him on!"

"Drag him!"

"No, you don't!" thundered Hal, hoarsely. "Manley goes to his rooms at once. He's had enough of din. It's rest and sleep for him now—and for the rest of us. Let go of him!"

Wiser heads prevailed.

Frank was released by those who had seized him. With Hal on one side, Jackets on the other, and with Joe and Tod a stubborn rear-guard, Frank Manley was allowed to take up his line of march for Pierson.

Two score, at least, of freshmen followed close behind, and almost in silence.

Hardly a word came from Frank until he was in his rooms, his door shut on all but his four chums.

"Whew!" he gasped, and sunk, trembling, into a chair.

Flop! Hal, who had been growing white, had done that most unmanly thing of fainting.

But no one else could even faintly realize the awful horror that had filled Hal Spofford's mind during that brief but awful ride on the motorcycle.

Dashed with water, and chafed by strong hands, Hal came to almost as quickly as he had fainted.

Joe drew him up to a reclining seat on the sofa.

"That was—was—silly of me!" uttered Hal, faintly but disgustedly.

"Never mind, old pal!" cheered Joe. "We're in a forgiving mood of mind to-night."

Then, presently, when strong, lusty boyhood had triumphed and all felt strong once more, they fell to talking it over.

They understood now how Lacey had managed to roam at will, completely disguised in his automobiling rig and goggles.

They comprehended, too, how Lacey's knowledge of what Yale men would do after the track work at the gym had prompted him to wait in the alley near Classon's.

What Lacey's real first plan had been they could not

figure out, but certain it was that Frank's unexpected appearance alone had made the whole start easy for Lacey.

Lacey, it may be said in passing, went to prison with his whole captured crew.

Frank Manley was never again in an instant's danger from that direction.

A night's sleep, and all the young men were straightened out.

Back from chapel the next morning, Frank had not much more than seated himself in his room when a messenger boy arrived with a perfumed note.

"From Kit," Manley announced, as he opened the envelope.

Then, to the fellows, he read this message:

"Dear Frank: I have just seen the morning paper, and need hardly say what I felt when I read of your fearful adventure in the very first column. I'm so upset that I'm staying home from church. Don't you think you owe me a prompt call—all of you? Lovingly,

"CATHERINE DUNSTAN."

"What do you say, fellows?" smiled Frank. "Don't we owe that call?"

"I do, anyway," grunted Joe. "Fannie's at that address."

And all four of the freshmen hurried to "slick up."

THE END.

Field work is ever the staunch twin of track work. They're inseparable at Yale, as everywhere. "FRANK MANLEY'S GREAT HAMMER THROW; OR, BEATING THE FRESHMAN RECORD," is the title of the magnificent story that will be published in No. 31 of "Frank Manley's Weekly," out next week! It's a thrilling, splendid story all the way through, and one that no lover of athletics has any right to miss! Look out for it next week, and be happy when you read it!

SPECIAL NOTICE: All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain them from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

PRACTICAL TALKS ON TRAINING

By "Physical Director"

No. 62.

Dozens of times, in this Weekly, I have referred to distance running as the foundation of all athletics.

If I knew how to insist upon this fact any more strongly, I'd do it right here and now.

Athletics, carried to any success, calls for endurance.

The more endurance, the better athlete!

Now, distance running—that is, jogging steadily for from three to five miles without once stopping or slowing down to a walk—is a good test of endurance.

More than that, keeping steadily at distance running until it becomes ordinarily easy is, in itself, a training that gradually but slowly brings the best kind of endurance to the young athlete.

But it's sprinting that I intend to discourse about now. Sprinting means the swift running of short distances.

The most common sprint is the hundred-yard dash, for which the best record is nine and three-fifths seconds.

Probably many of you will wonder, then, why I began by speaking of distance running.

I did so because the greatest speed in sprinting is reached—and can be reached only—through successful work at distance running.

Jogging steadily along for five miles isn't an easy thing.

Most young junior athletes have to keep at it a long time before they can win out the endurance that is needed for the five-mile morning run.

As letters from readers show me, many a boy, after a while, gets discouraged over distance running and turns to sprinting.

Now, this is all wrong!

If you can't become a fair distance runner, then you'll never do anything real at sprinting, either.

For the sprint is a wonderfully condensed, concentrated thing, calling for a tremendous amount of endurance during a few seconds.

So, never look for any great record at sprinting until you're able to jog five miles along the road or across country.

In sprinting, you have to call out of reserve, in a few seconds, all the great powers of endurance that would carry you through five miles of endurance.

If you haven't the stamina for the five-mile run, then you can't hope to summon the staying power for the swift sprint.

There is a saying among physical trainers that sprinters must be born, and I guess that's strictly true.

Every healthy boy can become a distance runner of fair merit if he keeps at it. Not every boy, however, can become a fast sprinter. He who cannot become a distance jogger can never make a speedy sprinter of himself.

Don't begin at the wrong end! If you can't get the distance work, don't waste time at all on the sprint.

The best distance man, however, won't be a good sprinter; but the good sprinter is bound to be a good distance man—a very fair one, I mean.

In sprinting, it's most all in the start. Get a great burst of speed on in the first thirty yards, or you might as well give it up.

Never try the standing or bending start. Crouch down on your "set" at the "marks," leaning well forward.

Take your position so that you can spring well forward at the pistol shot or the word.

After the start, by the time that you are up, you should be well on your way.

Practice the start over and over again. Get that perfectly. If you train right on this point you can get a good lead over your opponent by the time you've covered your first fifteen yards.

As you start away at the signal, don't get your body upright too quickly.

A little practice and thought will show you that when you get upright too quickly in the start you lose speed at the outset, for the reason that you thus throw your body back.

Learn how to use your arms for all they are worth from the very instant of starting. And don't swing them back and forward straight down.

Carry your arms bent, the hands straight forward, and moving the elbows close to the sides.

When you get word to "get set," then draw in every particle of air that your lungs will hold.

Make this wind last for the first twenty-five yards.

Then exhale the air and get in another great breath by the time that you've reached about the fifty-fifth yard.

Once more exhale and inhale in the final bit of the hundred yards, and on this last intake of air make your desperate final surging forward.

Practice the starts unfailingly.

Learn to run in a straight line.

Lift the feet well up, running on the balls of the feet.

Do everything in your power to develop spring leg muscles. Remember that a sprinter must be a "bundle of springs."

Run with your toes pointing straight ahead. Mighty important!

Above all, remember that success in sprinting comes only from faithful, persistent work. Nothing is ever gained by sprinting "just once in a while."

Letters from Readers

NOTICE.—Write letters for this page on only one side of the paper. Number your questions. Do not ask questions on the same paper containing mail orders. Immediate answers cannot be given, as "Frank Manley's Weekly" is printed several weeks ahead of the date of issue. Address all questions for this department to "Physical Director," No. 24 Union Square, New York.

Chelsea, Mass., Dec. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read all kinds of five-cent novels up to date, I think Frank Manley's Weekly beats them all. I therefore take the liberty of asking you a few questions. My measurements are as follows: Age, 16 years 9 months; height, 5 feet 7½ inches; weight, 130 pounds; neck, 13½ inches; chest, normal, 34 inches; expanded, 36 inches; hips, 37 inches; thighs, 20 inches; calves, 14 inches; ankles, 9 inches; wrists, 6½ inches; biceps, 10 inches; expanded, 11 inches. (1) How are these measurements? (2) Which are good? (3) Which are bad? (4) How can I improve the bad ones? (5) What should I do to get good wind? I have flat feet. Does that bother in athletics. I hope I will see this in print at an early date. With my best wishes to you and Frank Tousey, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

N. H. W.

Measurements all right, except not enough chest expansion. Go in for deep breathing and running. Running will do much to remedy flat-footedness.

Worcester, Dec. 27, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have been reading the Young Athlete's Weekly from No. 1 up, and I think it is a jim dandy. How are my measurements and records: Age, 13 years; height, 4 feet 9½ inches; weight, 73 pounds; across shoulders, 14 inches. I can run 65-yard dash in 8½ seconds; high jump, 4 feet 9 inches; standing high jump, 4 feet; broad jump, 11 feet 6 inches; standing broad jump, 6 feet 10 inches. Hoping to see these in Frank Manley's Weekly, I remain,

Yours truly,

Clarence Wadrean.

Measurements O. K., as far as given, and records satisfactory.

Fremont, O., Dec. 19, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read most of Frank Manley's Weeklies. How are my measurements? Age, 16 years 5 months; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; weight, 145 pounds; neck, 15½ inches; wrists, 7¼ inches; biceps, 12 inches; ankles, 11 inches; chest, 33 inches; expanded, 38 inches; waist, 32 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) How is my weight? (3) How is my chest measurement? Long live Frank Manley, Hal and Jack-ets.

Thanking you in advance, I remain

Yours,

A Steady Admirer.

You are splendidly built, needing only to train off about two inches of waist line. Chest bully, and neck, too!

Dear Physical Director:

I read your weekly every week, and like it very much. I enclose my measurements, which are as follows: Age, 14 years; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 110 pounds; neck, 13 inches; chest, normal, 30 inches; contracted, 27 inches; expanded, 32½ inches; waist, 27 inches; wrists, 5½ inches; forearms, 9¼ inches; biceps, normal, 8½ inches; flexed, 10 inches; hips, 31 inches; thighs, 15 inches; calves, 12¼ inches. Where are my weak points? Kindly answer these questions and oblige

J. M. E.

Your only weak point is in your chest expansion, which should show at least another inch. Of course you are light weight but that is because you are unusually tall for your age.

New York City, Dec. 16, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read Frank Manley's and Young Athlete's Weeklies, from No. 1 to the present time, I wish to ask you a few questions. Weight, 110 pounds; age, 15 years 5 months; height, 5 feet 5 inches; chest, normal, 29½ inches; expanded, 34 inches; biceps, 10 inches; forearms, 9½ inches; thighs, 18½ inches; calves, 13 inches; neck, 13½ inches; waist, 27 inches; wrists, 6½ inches; ankles, 8 inches. (1) Kindly tell me my weak and strong points. (2) Which would be better for me, to take up boxing or wrestling? I know something of both. (3) What athletic sport should I go in for? (4) Which branch of track athletics is best for me? (5) I get a pain in my side when I run about half a mile, which I cannot account for, because both my wind and my stomach muscles are fine. Kindly explain this, if possible.

Yours truly,

S. H. T., Jr.

(1) Measurements all right. (2) Whichever you have the best luck at. (3) Baseball and basketball. (4) Sprinting, I should say. (5) Perhaps a cramp; in that case, continuing the exercise would wear it off, usually.

Chicago, Dec. 17, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I thought I would write a few lines to you and tell you how I am feeling. In last week's talk you were talking about the coming athletic girl, and I must say she is coming mighty fast. Just read the newspaper clipping I enclose, and then tell all would-be athletes to get a gait on themselves, or if I am not badly mistaken the girls of 1910 will leave us boys in the shade. Now a little about myself, and a club I organized. I can now run three miles with comfort, and hope to run five pretty soon. The shortest distance any member of our club can run is one mile, and he is the youngest, 14 years of age. Our club, the Young Athletes' Athletic Association, is eleven weeks old to-day. We have punching bag and boxing gloves, and five dollars in the treasury. The club has four members and three applications for new membership. I hope to get a pair of racing skates for Christmas, but they cost \$8.00 and \$10.00 in Chicago, so I don't know whether I'll get them or not. I will let you know our records later on. I have sent in my measurements, and I knew at the time of taking them that my waist (27 inches) would be too large, so I have reduced it since then. I will let you know my measurements when I get my answers on the other questions; and I won't give up until every member of the Y. A. A. and myself are as nearly perfect as possible. Our apparatus will be of the boy's home-made variety which you mention in Frank Manley's Weekly (our instructor), the king of all weeklies. I have ordered all members skates, so we may have a lot of skating exercise, etc. Now just one more topic I wish to discuss is a lot of letters you receive from this city (one of which was mine, quite a while ago) in which the writers say they have no time for exercising, as they work in an office, factory, or some such excuse. Now let me tell you that everyone has time. I work from 7.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., 9 hours a day, and still have time for exercise. I tried the morning run and the evening run, and must say the first mentioned is excellent, and made me feel better than the evening run. My mother used to say: "Johnnie, you'll catch a cold, or you'll get heart disease from this running mornings." Well, now she knows better, and does not say anything, because when I started I had two inches chest expansion and

now I have 4½ inches to the good, and have not had a cold yet. I am out in the fresh air just as much of my time as I possibly can be, and sleep with a window open—another thing which my mother first opposed, but now lets me have my way in matters athletic. Well, I think I had better close, or this will surely reach the waste basket. But before closing, the members of the Y. A. A. and myself wish Frank Manley and the "Up and At 'Em Boys," Woodstock Girls' Walking Club, Mr. Physical Director and Mr. Tousey long life and a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Yours in matters athletic,

John R. L. Ehrbar, Pres.,

Young Athletes' Athletic Association.

120 N. Ashland Ave.

"I Will Boys."

P. S.—Allow me to thank P. D. for my answer to my measurements in advance. Kindly print. This is my third letter.

Yours,

J. R. L. E.

You young men are hustling, and not afraid of working for condition, and I'm glad to hear about your doings. It's a grand thing to be a nearly perfect man, isn't it? There can be no greater satisfaction, as everyone knows who has tried it. The day has gone by when weak boys can amount to anything. These days call for strong muscles, endurance and a clear head. Your club is on the right road to success in life! Success to you all.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 18, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all your weeklies up to date, and I think they are great. I sent you a letter last summer, and since then I have gone in for all-around physical culture. I have joined the Y. M. C. A., and I have a punching bag and stand, a pair of dumbbells and Indian clubs, a Whiting exerciser and a bicycle home in the house. I run most every morning, but as winter is setting in I can't run very much. Here are my measurements: Chest, normal, 29½ inches; expanded, 33½ inches; neck, 14 inches; waist, normal, 24 inches; expanded, 26 inches; biceps, 10½ inches; forearms, 9¼ inches; wrists, 6½ inches; breadth of shoulders, 17 inches; thighs, 15 inches; calves, 13½ inches; ankles, 10 inches; age, 15 years; weight, 112 pounds stripped; height, 5 feet 5½ inches. How are my measurements? How can I strengthen my arm and shoulder muscles? Is bicycle riding good for the wind? We are starting up a club in our neighborhood, and I should like you to give me a few hints about the best apparatus to get first, and if there is any way by which we could put up your home-made apparatus for boys indoors. Some of the fellows are in favor of putting a pool table in first, and I and a few of the athletic sort are working against them. If you could suggest any way by which I and my companions could beat them I would be very thankful. The rooms are large, but there are only two, and if the boys succeed in getting a pool table why there will not be any room for any sort of athletic stunts; and besides, I am afraid it will in the end be the cause of breaking up the club. It will be a hard job to get the fellows up in the morning to run or go skating. We live near Prospect Park, and have a fine opportunity to go skating, but I think that if I get a few of the boys to go out in the morning, by degrees the rest will join in. Excuse me for writing such a long letter, but you see I want to succeed in what I have started. I remain,

Your will be athlete,

Jack.

Your measurements are good; your weight is a little light, but that is on account of your age. Now, that pool table is all right as far as it goes, but there's precious little exercise in pushing a cue. The boys in your club who are going to amount to anything later in life are going to vote in favor of the gym apparatus. Watch and see if I am not right. Boys can't hope to succeed nowadays unless they lay the proper physical foundation. Business life is exacting, and calls for endurance. The home-made apparatus can all be fitted up for indoor use.

Dodgeville, Wis., Dec. 24, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I would like to have a few questions answered, and I take the liberty of asking them of you.

Measurements are as follows: Age, 13 years; chest, normal, 27 inches; expanded, 30½ inches; height, 4 feet 9½ inches; weight, 87½ pounds; neck, 13 inches; shoulders, 17 inches; calves, 13 inches; forearms, 12 inches; thighs, 19 inches; biceps, 10 inches; waist, 24½ inches; arm reach, 36 inches; legs, 36 inches. Do you know any cure for headache? Are my measurements good?

Yours respectfully,

Young Inveno.

Measurements very good, except a little too much waist line. I can't tell you what is good for a headache without knowing the cause of it. Have you tried lots of outdoor air, chewing your food thoroughly, and drinking nothing with meals, but plenty of water between meals?

St. Louis, Dec. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I take the liberty of asking your advice in regard to my measurements and physical condition. I am 16 years and 5 months old; height, 5 feet 10½ inches; weight, 143 pounds; chest, normal, 32 inches; expanded, 36 inches; waist, 27 inches; hips, 32 inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 14½ inches; knees, 14½ inches; just above knees, 17½ inches; ankles, 10½ inches; wrists, right 6½ inches, left 6½ inches; forearms, right 10 inches, left 9¾ inches; biceps, right 9¾ inches, flexed 11 inches; left 9 inches, flexed 10¾ inches; neck, 14½ inches; across shoulders, 18 inches; around, 42 inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my weak points and how can I remedy them? (3) I cannot run very far without getting winded; there is a feeling as of a hollow over my heart. Do you think that accounts for it? (4) When should I retire and rise? (5) As we have no bath in our house, will a brisk rub with a coarse towel do in the morning and a bath once a week? (6) I am quite nervous. How can I remedy this? (7) I have a long leg, and can kick 75 inches in a stand. (8) I can jump 15 feet in a run. How is this? Please publish this soon, as much depends on the answer. Wishing a long life to Frank Manley and Physical Director. I belong to the Y. M. C. A. of this city.

Yours in athletics,

Mack.

P. S.—When I sit down I get stiff. What is good for cracking joints?

(1 and 2) Measurements good. (3) I do not know; probably not. (4) At your age retire at nine and rise between 5.30 and 6. (5) Can't you use a washtub daily? (6) A pretty wide question! Lead the whole physical culture life. (7) O. K. (8) Good.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Being a reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, I think it is the best book published. I would like to ask you a few questions regarding my measurements. Age, 15 years 10 months; height, 5 feet 7 inches; weight, 137½ pounds; neck, 13 inches; chest, normal, 33 inches; expanded, 37½ inches; shoulders, across back, 17 inches; waist, 23 inches; thighs, 19 inches; calves, 13 inches; ankles, 9 inches; biceps, normal 10 inches, expanded 10½ inches; forearms, normal 10 inches, expanded 10¾ inches; wrists, 7 inches. What are my weak points? How can I gain strength in arms? Is it possible for me to become an aerial acrobat and contortionist, as I am very loose jointed? Which is the best gym apparatus to prepare for trapeze work, as we have no trapeze in our gym? Hoping that I may see this in your letter column soon, I remain

An admirer of Frank and Kitty,

Julius F. Pfohl.

P. S.—Frank Manley is my model.

Measurements excellent, and you should make a good contortionist, although the start has to be made early. The bars and the flying rings are the nearest things to the trapeze.

Hoboken, N. J., Dec. 23, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read Frank Manley's Weekly, and think it is the best book ever put on the market. I wish to ask a few questions in regard to my measurements. Age, 16 years 2 months; measurements, stripped, are as follows: Waist, 25½ inches; height, 5 feet 6 inches; calves, 14 inches; ankles, 9 inches; wrists, 7 inches; biceps un-

(without an overcoat). I am out for distance running. Could you explain how it is that when I run about a third of a mile I get a pain in my right side, but if I keep on running the pain wears off? My chest, normal, is 32 inches, expanded 35½ inches; neck, 14¾ inches. How is my condition? I take plenty of exercise for the abdomen. With three cheers for Frank Manley and Physical Director, I close, wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Yours respectfully,

G. R. P.

P. S.—I go skating a good deal, too.

Measurements O. K. The pain you mention, and which disappears as you limber up, is a cramp, and need not be bothered about.

Aurora, Ill., Dec. 25, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

I have read all of Frank Manley's Weeklies, starting with Frank Manley's start in athletics, and have found them very interesting. I wish you would answer a few questions. Age, 15 years 6 months; weight, 125 pounds; across shoulders, 16 inches; waist, 31 inches; height, 5 feet 5½ inches; legs, below knees, 13 inches; arms, 10 inches; length of legs, 30½ inches. I drive a grocery wagon. In the morning I take runs of two miles before eating. I am also thinking of taking up some of those bag drills. (1) How are my measurements? (2) What are my strong and weak points? (3) How is my standing for athletics? (4) How is it to take these morning runs and bag drills besides working? Hoping to hear from you soon, I will close with three cheers for Frank Manley and his Up and At 'Em Boys.

Yours truly,

Walter H. Wolf.

(1 and 2) Waist much too large, and you omit chest measurements. (3) You can train into athletics. (4) All right.

Havana, Ill., Dec. 21, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Although a new reader of your Weekly, I take the liberty of asking these questions. Measurements, stripped: Height, 5 feet 9 inches; weight, 130 pounds; age, 17 years 8 months; chest, normal 31 inches, expanded 33½ inches; waist, 30 inches; ankles, 8¾ inches; calves, 13 inches; above knees, 13½ inches; thighs, 17 inches; length of legs, 32 inches; biceps, normal 9¾ inches, contracted 10¾ inches; neck, 13½ inches; wrists, 6¾ inches. Records: 100 yards, 12 seconds trained; not trained, quarter mile, 63 seconds; half mile, 2 minutes 40 seconds; mile, 6 minutes 50 seconds. (1) What are my proportions? (2) Would it be possible for me to run a mile in 5 minutes 20 seconds by May 4, if I train? (3) Am I suitable for mile running? (4) When should I begin running the distance? (5) Would running 10 blocks, between 6 and 7 o'clock in the evening, during the month of February, put me in shape to train on the track for a mile? (6) Should I run until I am exhausted, or stop when I get tired? My wind does not trouble me, but I get tired. If answers are given to these questions, I will repay you by taking your fine Weekly hereafter.

From a new admirer,

H. S. G.

(1) Under weight, and chest expansion too little. (2) I think so, if you considerably increase chest expansion. (3) Your present record is slow, but you ought to improve with persistent training. (4) At once. (5) Would run further. (6) Stop when comfortably fatigued.

Yellow Springs, O., Jan. 1, 1906.

Dear Physical Director:

Having read every number of the Young Athlete's and Frank Manley's weeklies up to date, I take the liberty of asking a few questions. I rise at 5.30 a.m., and go to bed at 10 p.m. Upon getting up in the morning I run two-thirds of a mile, and then go through about 15 minutes' work on a Whitely exerciser. I then use the Indian clubs for about ten minutes, and then punch the bag for about ten minutes. I am just commencing to train, having started about two weeks ago. There is no gymnasium here, but I have a few things, such as a pair of rings, a trapeze, horizontal bar, a pair of parallel bars,

and a ladder, in an old shed near us, but I do not have the time to use them much in winter.

What else do I need in my training? Here are my measurements: Age, 15 years 1 month; weight, 120 pounds; height, 5 feet 5 inches; neck, 13 inches; chest, normal 28 inches, expanded 31 inches; biceps, 9½ inches; forearms, 8¾ inches; wrists, 6 inches; waist, 28½ inches; thighs, 17 inches; calves, 12 inches; ankles, 9½ inches. How are my measurements? What are my weak and strong points? How can I build up my weak points? Why don't you publish all the names of the Woodstock Athletic Club? It would help a lot in the reading of your books. Where is Woodstock, in what State? Are these stories true? How much ought I be able to run by next May? I would be willing to pay 10 cents for Frank Manley's Weekly, if it were that price, because it is the best weekly ever published. What town and State do you live in, and what is your name? I would like very much to meet you. I must close, for my letter is getting too long. Wishing you success with Frank Manley's Weekly, and hoping to see this in print in due time, I am

Yours truly,

A Constant Reader.

Measurements satisfactory, except waist too large. You do not get sleep enough; retire at nine, rising as at present. Your training work is very good; increase the distance of the run by degrees. You should be able to run between two and three miles by May. Woodstock is still in a "State of Good Health." Modesty prevents me from printing more details about myself.

Jersey City, N. J., Dec. 26, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

As a reader of your Weekly I take the liberty of asking you a few questions. I am 11 years 8 months old; weight, 75 pounds; chest, normal 23 inches, expanded 26 inches; left wrist, 5¼ inches, right, 5½ inches; neck, 10½ inches; reach, left hand 23½ inches, right 24 inches; waist line, 21 inches; height, 4 feet 9 inches; forearms, 8½ inches. (1) How are my measurements? (2) Is my chest all right? (3) Is my reach good? (4) I spit very much. What is a good cure for it? Hoping to see this in print, I remain, A constant reader of Frank Manley's Weekly, Henry Schnitzer.

(1) Good, except neck too small. (2) Yes! (3) Arms should be the same length. (4) It is harmful; the only cure is to stop it!

Allegheny, Pa., Dec. 20, 1905.

Dear Physical Director:

Having been a reader of your publication called Frank Manley's Weekly, and the Young Athlete's Weekly, since No. 1 of both, I would like to write and express our opinions of the great weeklies as follows: First, I think (and so does my chum) that it is the best ever, and cannot be equaled, and is second to none. Second, that we will continue reading the same as long as it is published. We would both like to know if you could not reinstate Hob Prouty again in a new light, such as a change in manners, athletic ability, and a general all-around transformation from the old to the new? We were also glad to hear, or rather read, that Tod and Frank are good friends at last. Hoping that this letter will be taken kindly (not as advice, for we know you are the best judge of what is best), and to see Hob back in the ranks soon, we will close, wishing you a very merry Christmas and many happy New Years. We remain, as ever,

Two faithful and affectionate readers,

Charles A. Cook.

144 Henderson St., Allegheny.

Charles E. Boyle.

341 Second Ave., c/o Jackson Prtg. Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

I was as sorry as anyone could have been about Hob, but it couldn't be helped. Hob has his good points, but a fellow of his kind couldn't get along in an athletic club without causing a good deal of trouble. But there are vacancies now in the Woodstock Club, and there is a chance that he may prove the right sort of material for reinstatement. I hope so, for I like Hob myself, and would like to see him amount to more in the way of manly qualities.

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